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MAD®

ABOUT THE BUOY

#53

AVOID THAT SINKING FEELING!

THE WORLD IS ON THE ROCKS, SO...

IF YOU'RE LOOKING FOR A SAFE BERTH WHERE YOU CAN

FIGHT THE UNDERTOW OF MORAL DECAY

STAY AFLOAT IN A SEA OF MEDIA ABUSE

STEM THE TIDE OF POLITICAL INSANITY

RIDE THE WAVES OF NAUSEA-PRODUCING ENTERTAINMENT

LAUGH YOUR WAY THROUGH TROUBLED WATERS

AND KEEP FROM GOING OFF THE DEEP END

YOU'LL BE...

MAD ABOUT THE BUOY

Unfortunately, reading this bilge will make you see-sick!

PRINTED IN U.S.A.

MAD About the Buoy

Edited by
Albert B. Feldstein

WARNER BOOKS

A Warner Communications Company

WARNER BOOKS EDITION

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Designed by Thomas Nozkowski

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FIDDLER MADE A GOOF DEPT.

Practically everyone has seen the prize-winning musical about the loveable people in that little village in Old Russia called Anetevka. Well, as far as we're concerned, "Fiddler" made a GOOF! Because a show like that is very sentimental and touching until we think about the *descendents* of those oppressed people who fled Europe so many years ago, and how those descendents have almost destroyed a Dream. Which is why MAD now takes this famous musical about the problems of people who had *nothing,* and updates it with a version about the problems of people who have *everything* —mainly America's Upper Middle Class. Here, then, is our sing-along rendition, re-titled . . .

Antenna on the Roof

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER
WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

An antenna on the roof! What's so strange about that? Nothing much . . . except that this antenna is on the roof of our kennel!
You see, here in our $150,000 home in the suburbs, even our dog is spoiled rotten!
You may ask: Why do I work so hard to provide such luxuries as a Zenith Color TV Console for our dog? Why not just a simple Black-and-White Emerson Portable?
Because here in the suburbs, a family is measured by one yardstick—POSSESSIONS!
POSSESSIONS!
Possessions are what earn us the respect and admiration of the people who mean the most to us! And who are they . . . ? THE NEIGHBORS!!
THE NEIGHBORS!
Still, it's not so easy being prosperous! Even WE have our problems! And what are our biggest ones . . . ? OUR DAUGHTERS!
OUR DAUGHTERS!
SPOT
WIC
RT DRUCKER

As a trained Psychiatrist, Mr. Buckchaser, I must tell you that this case is rather unusual!

Why?? Don't you believe in Group Therapy?

Yes, but for an entire family?!? Besides, I've never worked this way before—as a sleep-in Analyst!

Good! Just so we're the first on our block to have one! Now, shut up . . . and listen to our problems . . .

*Head-shrinker, head-shrinker,
I'm a success—
Three-car garage—
Fancy address;
Head-shrinker, head-shrinker,
Look deep inside
And find out why I'm a mess!

Head-shrinker, head-shrinker,
I am his spouse—
Two minks I own—
One's for the house;
I'm just a typical,
Rich, pampered wife—
So why do I hate my life?

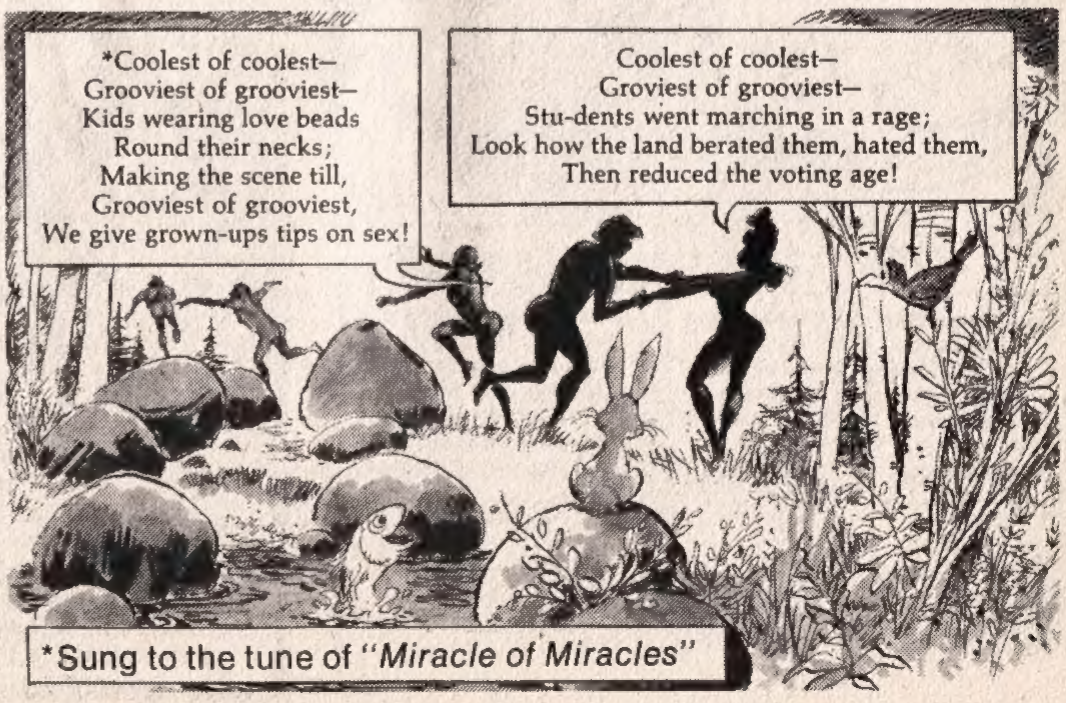
*Sung to the tune of *"Matchmaker, Matchmaker"*

The headshrinker said I treat my **daughters** like **possessions,** not like **human beings!** He's **right!** I'll start by making up with my daughter **Sheila!**

Hello, my darling **dependent!** To **own** you is to **love** you!
Bug off with the **soft soap,** Pop! I'm eloping with **"Floyd And The Wheat Germs"!**
You're marrying a **Rock Group?**
We don't want a **big** wedding! Just a **quiet nude ceremony** with a few dozen close **porno freak friends** in attendance!

Such a **dilemma! My first born** —running off to live with a bunch of **strangers!** On the **other** hand, she's been doing that **HERE** for **18 years!** On the **other** hand, it's not like I'd be losing my **Cadillac!** On the **other** hand, do I really **care??**

We're **free!** Your father gave us his **blessing!**
If you think **"Drop Dead!"** is a **blessing,** you're flakier than I **thought!** Still, it gives us an **excuse** to go running **naked** through the woods, celebrating the **wonders** and **miracles** of today's **counter-culture!**


*Coolest of coolest—
Grooviest of grooviest—
Kids wearing love beads
Round their necks;
Making the scene till,
Grooviest of grooviest,
We give grown-ups tips on sex!
Coolest of coolest—
Groviest of grooviest—
Stu-dents went marching in a rage;
Look how the land berated them, hated them,
Then reduced the voting age!
*Sung to the tune of *"Miracle of Miracles"*

When John told Yoko,
"Let's pose bare!"
That was the grooviest!
When thousands were freaked out
At the Woodstock Fair,
That was the grooviest, too!

But of all the grooviest
Scenes we've found,
By far the grooviest
One around
Is that we've been spoofing
This show so square
Till . . . it . . . now . . . looks . . .
More . . . like . . . "Hair"!

Tell me, Doc—what made Sheila run off with a **Rock Group** instead of marrying someone with **a guaranteed income**—like a **Doctor**, a **Lawyer** or a **Railroad Brakeman??**

Perhaps she **disliked** being treated as another one of your **acquisitions!**

Nonsense! We've loved her ever since we brought her home from the **showroom!**

Life is often **hard** here in the suburbs! Sometimes, I think I'd be **better** off if I were **worse** off!

*If I were a poor man—
Scuba duba duba
Duba duba duba duba dee;
All my hang-ups
Would be leaving me,
If I were a
Needy man!

Wouldn't have an ulcer—
Scuba duba duba
Duba duba duba duba dee;
I'd be living
Off so-ci-e-ty
If I were a
Needy man!

I'd . . . simp . . . ly . . .
Sign my name and draw "Unemployment"
Each week I didn't have a job;
And should the Welfare
Man doubt my word some-how—
I'd say I'd tried my best to find some employment
Then I would tell him with a sob:
"But no one seems to need a SHEPHERD now!"

UNEMPLOYMENT OFFICE

GIVE

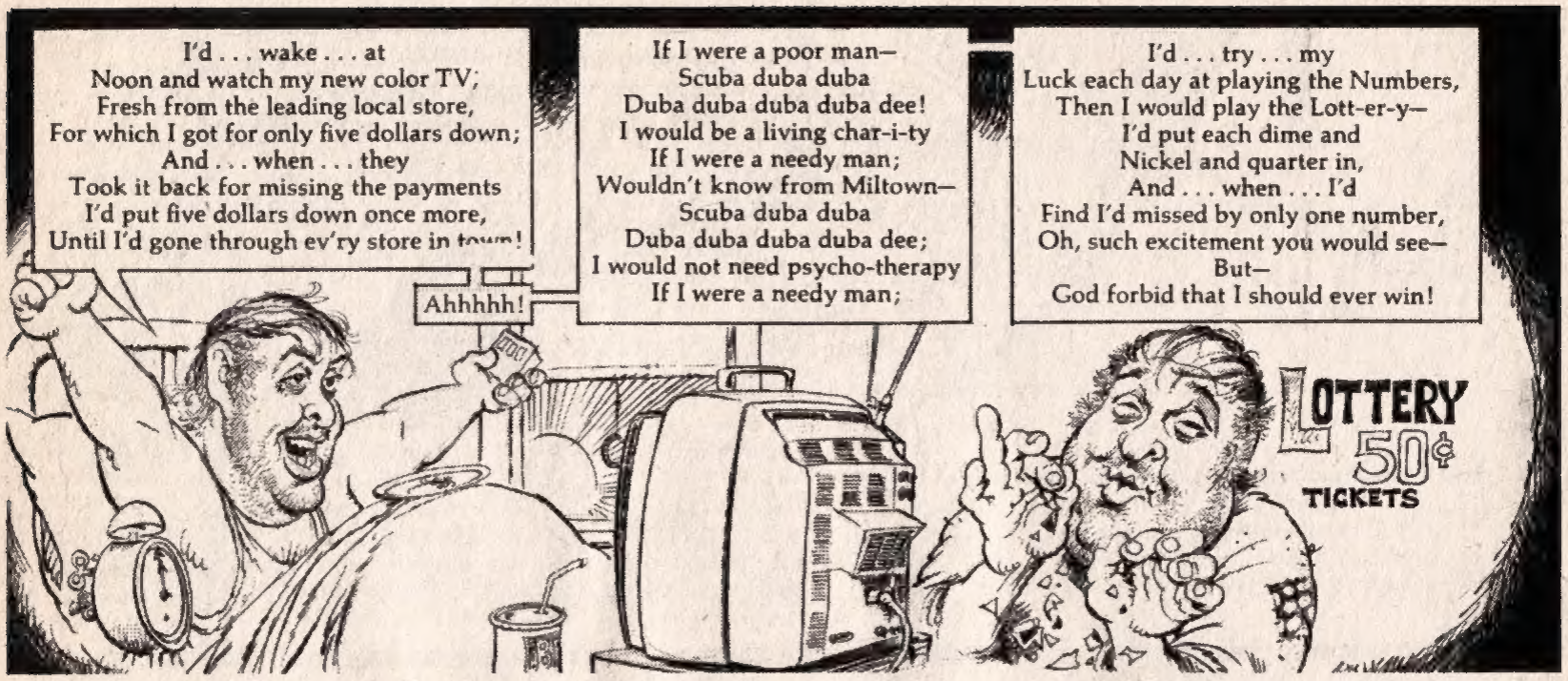
*Sung to the tune of *"If I Were a Rich Man"*

I'd . . . wake . . . at
Noon and watch my new color TV;
Fresh from the leading local store,
For which I got for only five dollars down;
And . . . when . . . they
Took it back for missing the payments
I'd put five dollars down once more,
Until I'd gone through ev'ry store in town!

Ahhhhh!

If I were a poor man—
Scuba duba duba
Duba duba duba duba dee!
I would be a living char-i-ty
If I were a needy man;
Wouldn't know from Miltown—
Scuba duba duba
Duba duba duba duba dee;
I would not need psycho-therapy
If I were a needy man;

I'd . . . try . . . my
Luck each day at playing the Numbers,
Then I would play the Lott-er-y—
I'd put each dime and
Nickel and quarter in,
And . . . when . . . I'd
Find I'd missed by only one number,
Oh, such excitement you would see—
But—
God forbid that I should ever win!

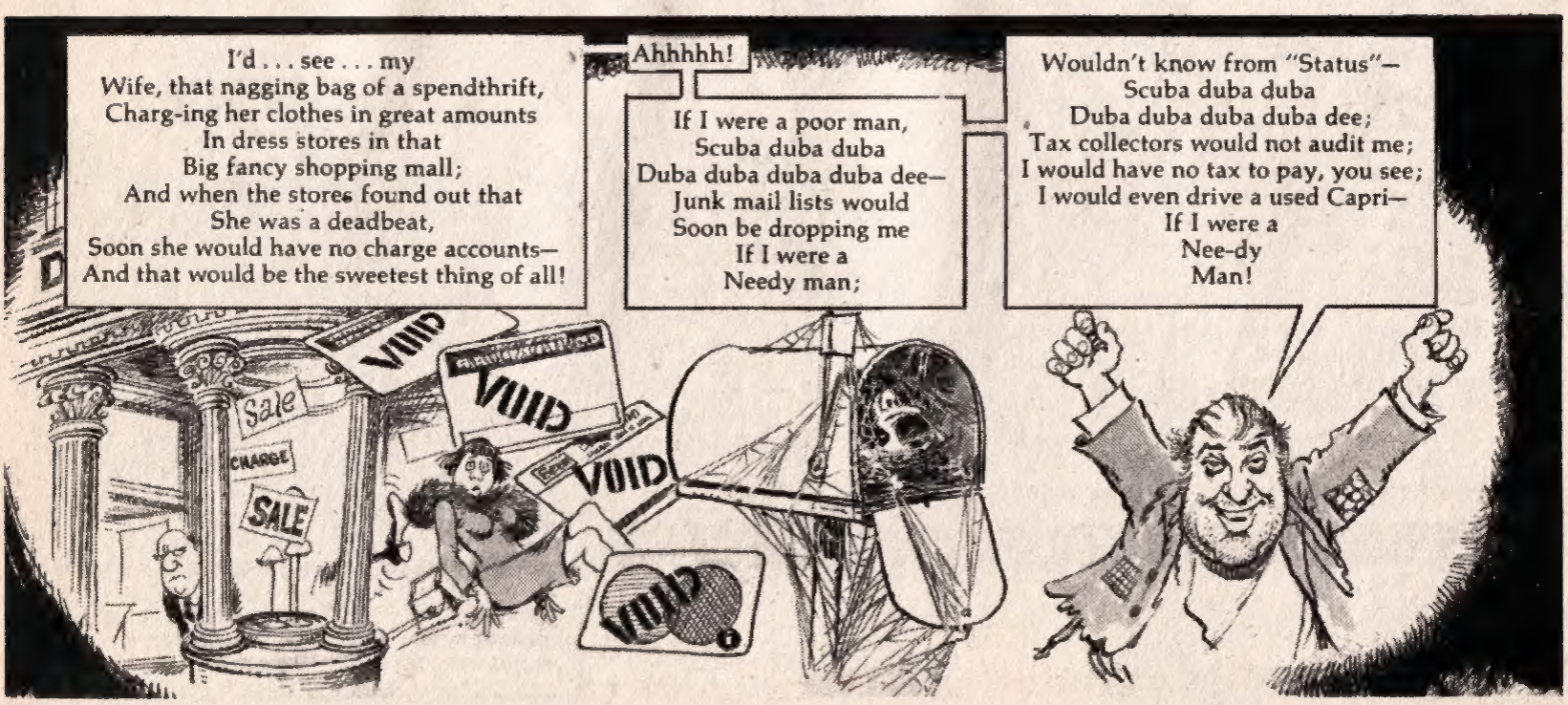


I'd . . . see . . . my
Wife, that nagging bag of a spendthrift,
Charg-ing her clothes in great amounts
In dress stores in that
Big fancy shopping mall;
And when the stores found out that
She was a deadbeat,
Soon she would have no charge accounts—
And that would be the sweetest thing of all!

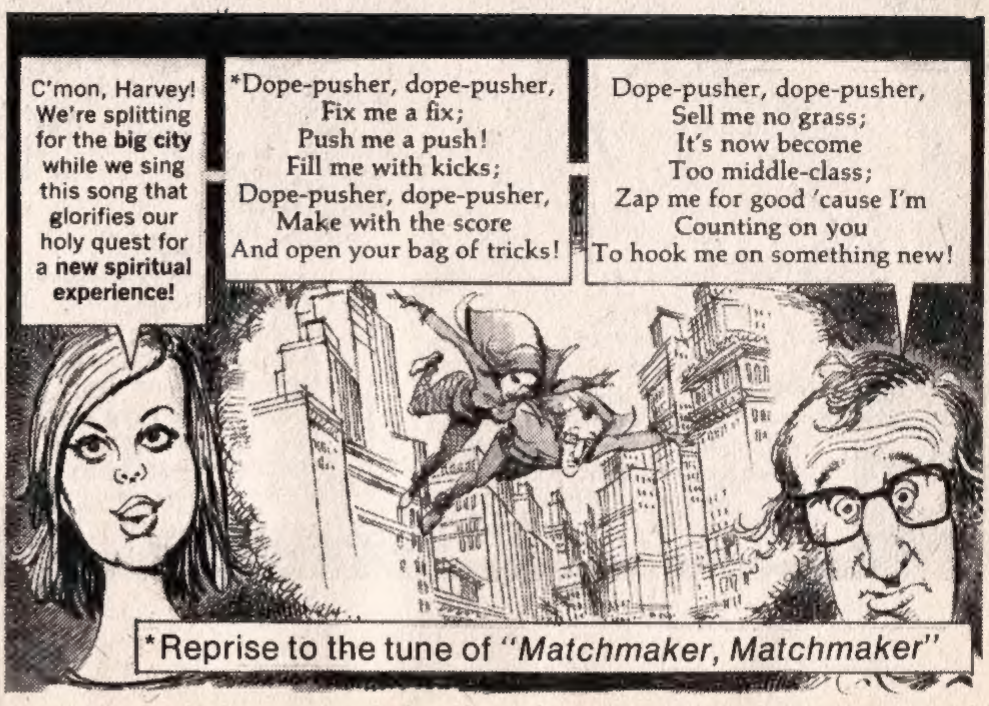
Ahhhhh!

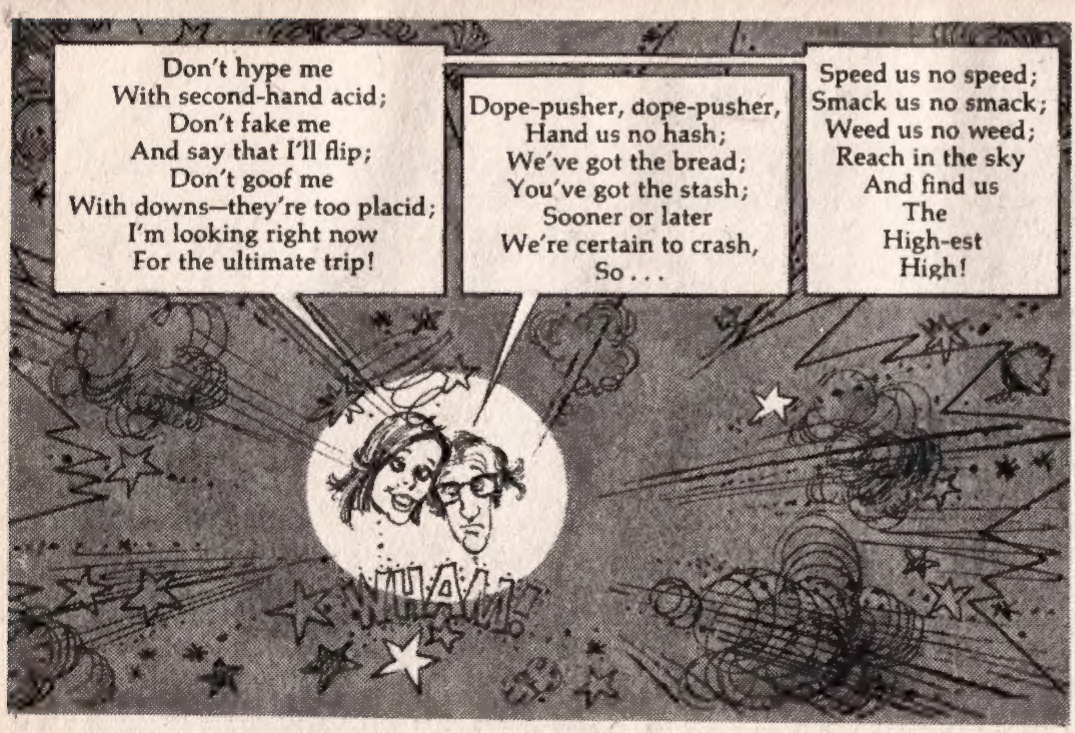
If I were a poor man,
Scuba duba duba
Duba duba duba duba dee—
Junk mail lists would
Soon be dropping me
If I were a
Needy man;

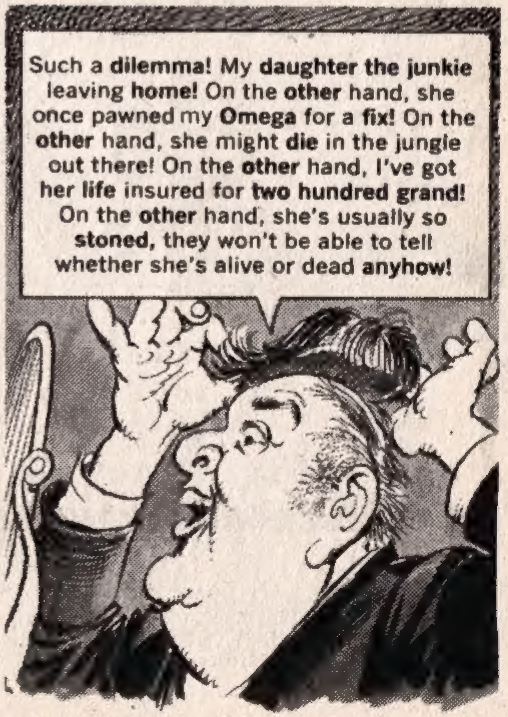
Wouldn't know from "Status"—
Scuba duba duba
Duba duba duba duba dee;
Tax collectors would not audit me;
I would have no tax to pay, you see;
I would even drive a used Capri—
If I were a
Nee-dy
Man!



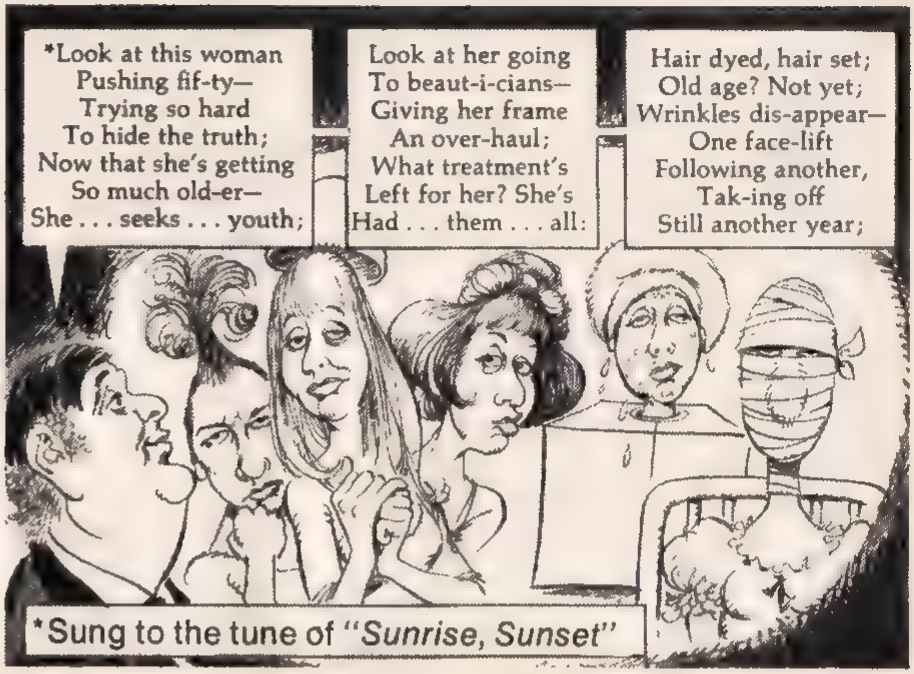
Still—I've got two daughters left! Look at my Nancy! The first girl in the neighborhood to play "Doctor" with real hypodermics!
Hi, Pop! You're just in time to say goodbye! I'm leaving for good with Harvey The Head here!

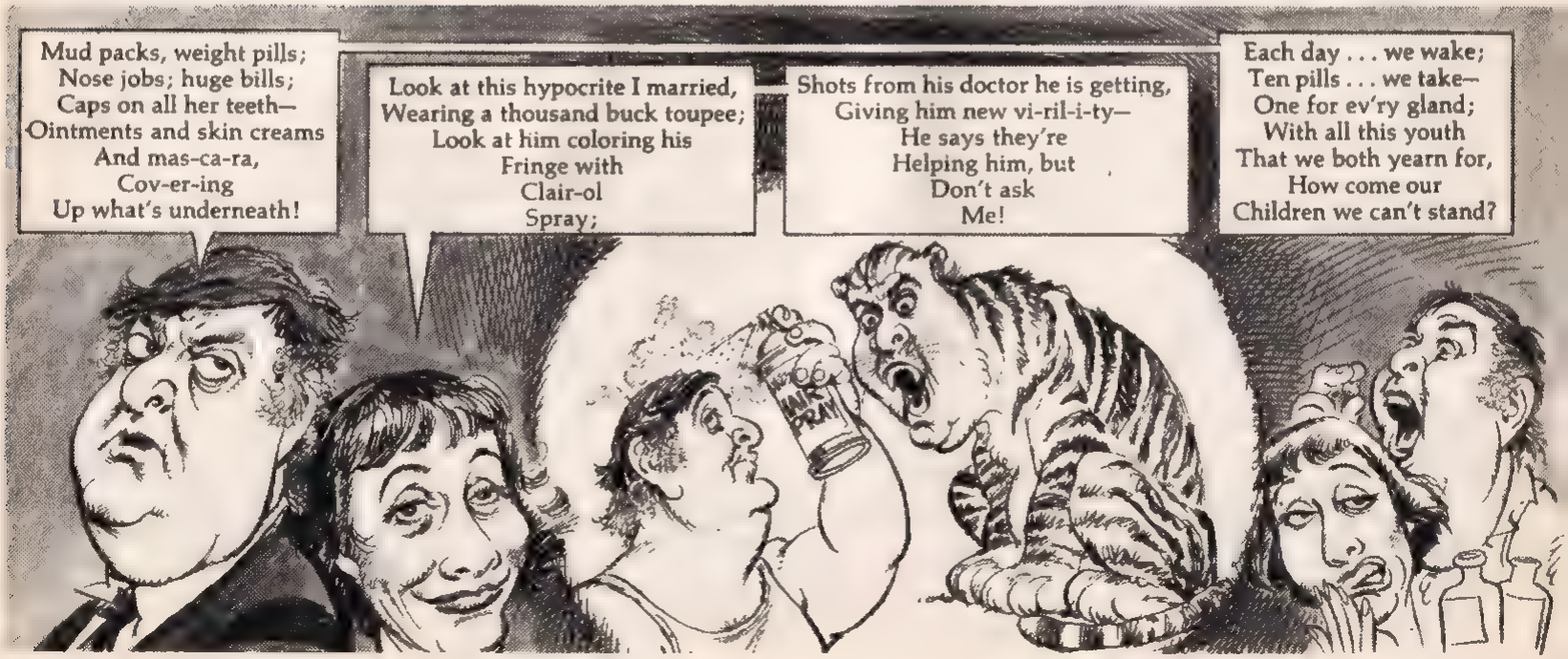

C'mon, Harvey! We're splitting for the big city while we sing this song that glorifies our holy quest for a new spiritual experience!
*Dope-pusher, dope-pusher, Fix me a fix; Push me a push! Fill me with kicks; Dope-pusher, dope-pusher, Make with the score And open your bag of tricks!
Dope-pusher, dope-pusher, Sell me no grass; It's now become Too middle-class; Zap me for good 'cause I'm Counting on you To hook me on something new!
*Reprise to the tune of "Matchmaker, Matchmaker"

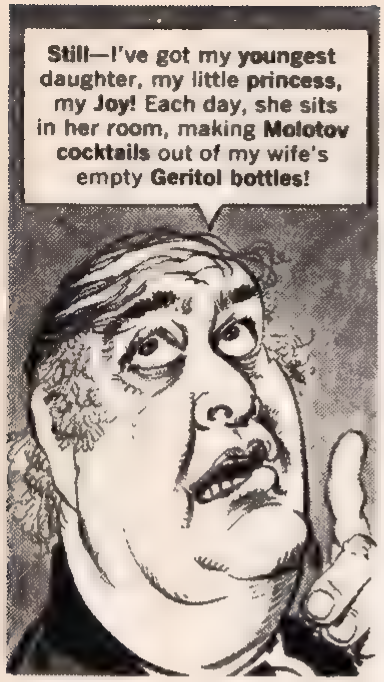

Don't hype me With second-hand acid; Don't fake me And say that I'll flip; Don't goof me With downs—they're too placid; I'm looking right now For the ultimate trip!
Dope-pusher, dope-pusher, Hand us no hash; We've got the bread; You've got the stash; Sooner or later We're certain to crash, So . . .
Speed us no speed; Smack us no smack; Weed us no weed; Reach in the sky And find us The High-est High!
WUAV

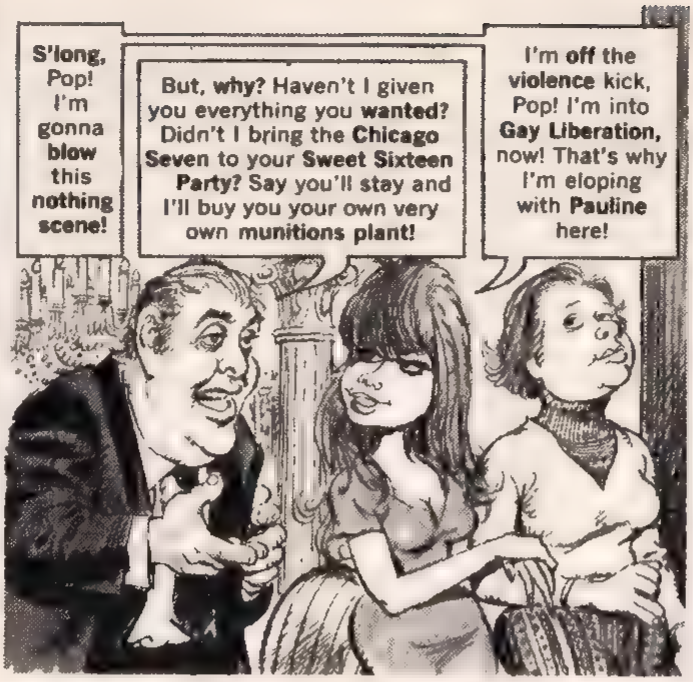

Such a dilemma! My daughter the junkie leaving home! On the other hand, she once pawned my Omega for a fix! On the other hand, she might die in the jungle out there! On the other hand, I've got her life insured for two hundred grand! On the other hand, she's usually so stoned, they won't be able to tell whether she's alive or dead anyhow!

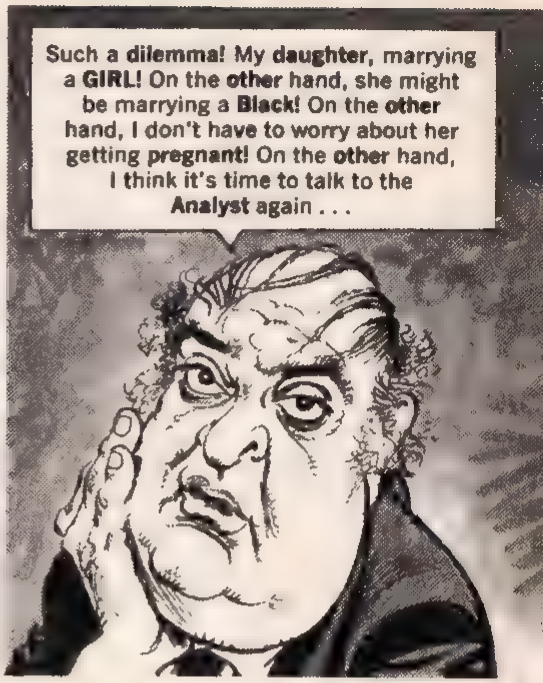
Our children are **leaving** us, dear!
Yes! Now we can enter our **golden years** when we will sit quietly by ourselves and **grow old together!**
Grow OLD?!? Not if **you** can help it!

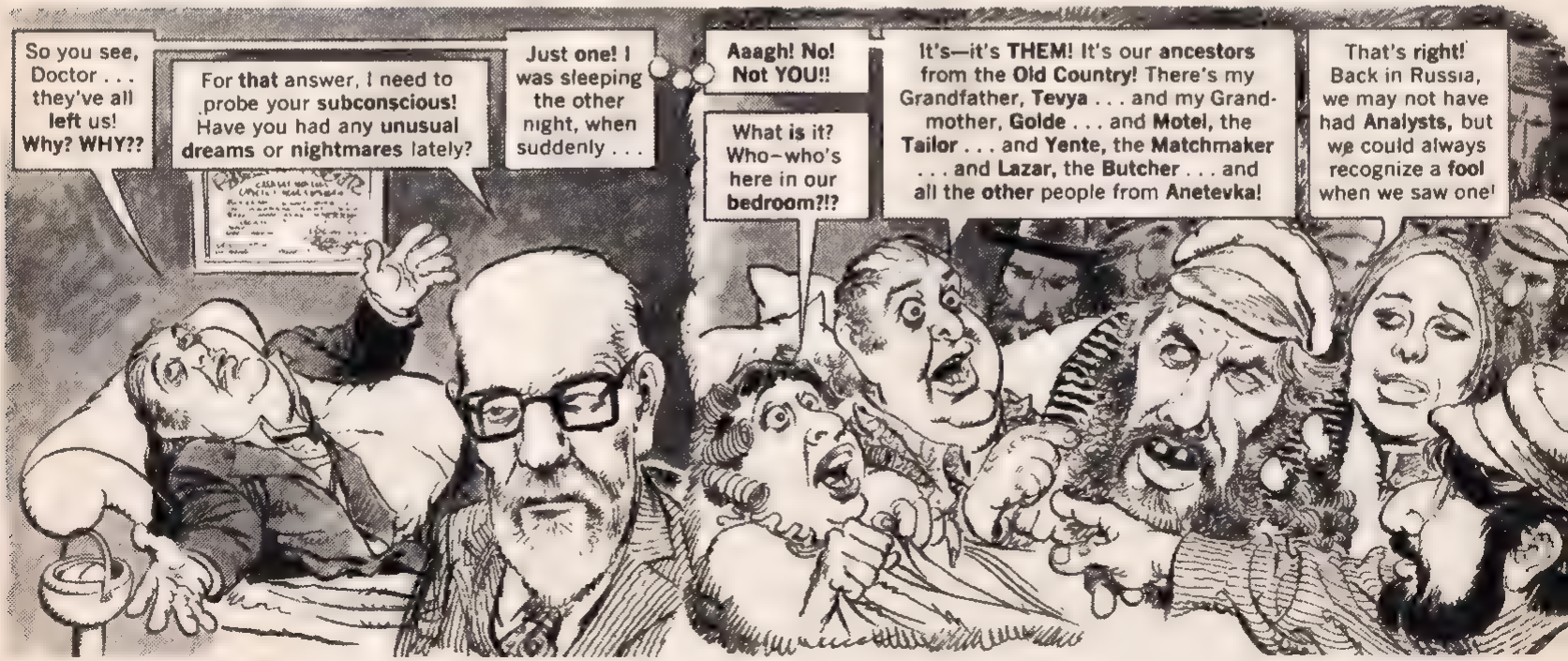

*Look at this woman Pushing fif-ty— Trying so hard To hide the truth; Now that she's getting So much old-er— She . . . seeks . . . youth;
Look at her going To beaut-i-cians— Giving her frame An over-haul; What treatment's Left for her? She's Had . . . them . . . all:
Hair dyed, hair set; Old age? Not yet; Wrinkles dis-appear— One face-lift Following another, Tak-ing off Still another year;
*Sung to the tune of "*Sunrise, Sunset*"

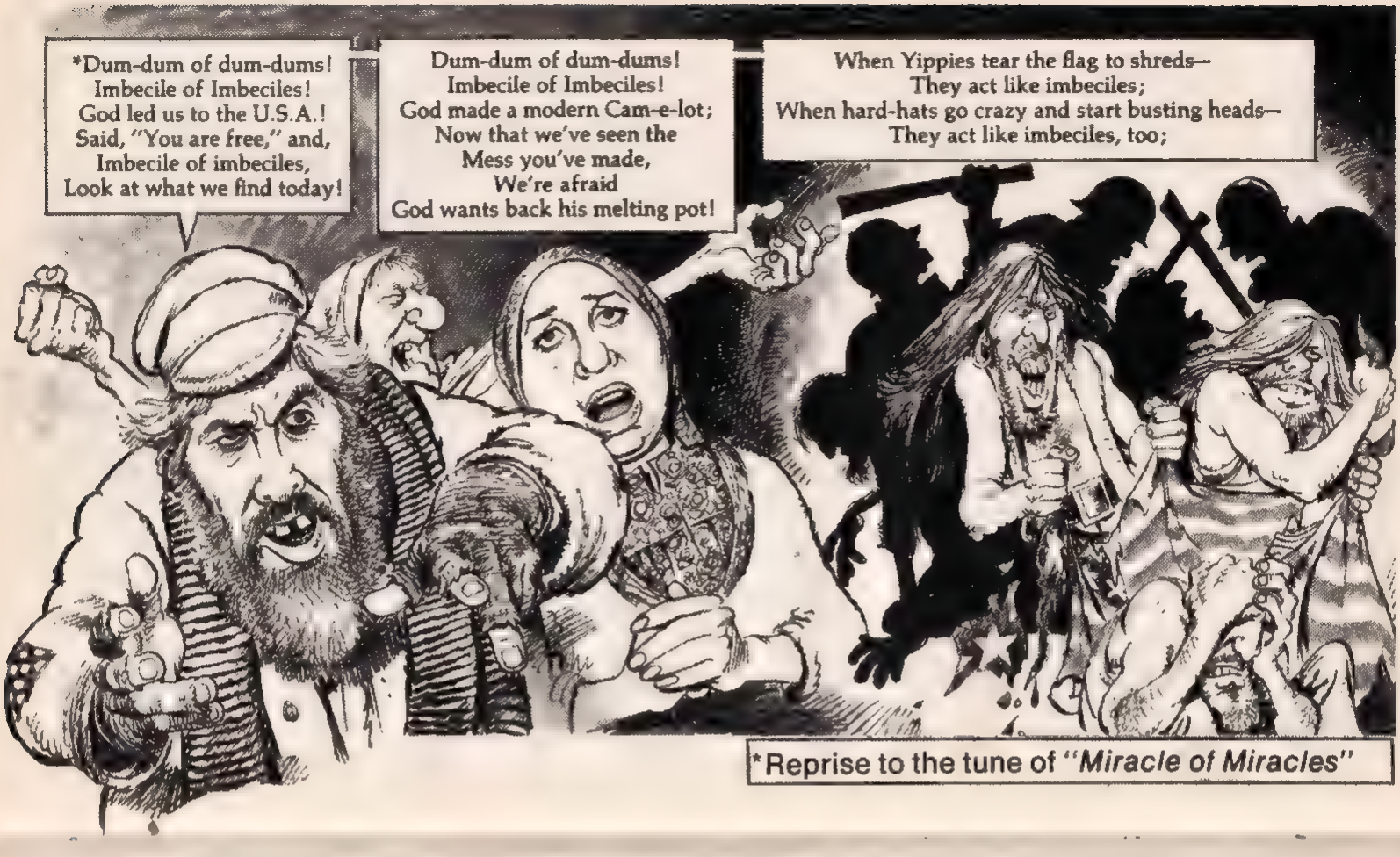

Mud packs, weight pills; Nose jobs; huge bills; Caps on all her teeth— Ointments and skin creams And mas-ca-ra, Cov-er-ing Up what's underneath!
Look at this hypocrite I married, Wearing a thousand buck toupee; Look at him coloring his Fringe with Clair-ol Spray;
Shots from his doctor he is getting, Giving him new vi-ril-i-ty— He says they're Helping him, but Don't ask Me!
Each day . . . we wake; Ten pills . . . we take— One for ev'ry gland; With all this youth That we both yearn for, How come our Children we can't stand?

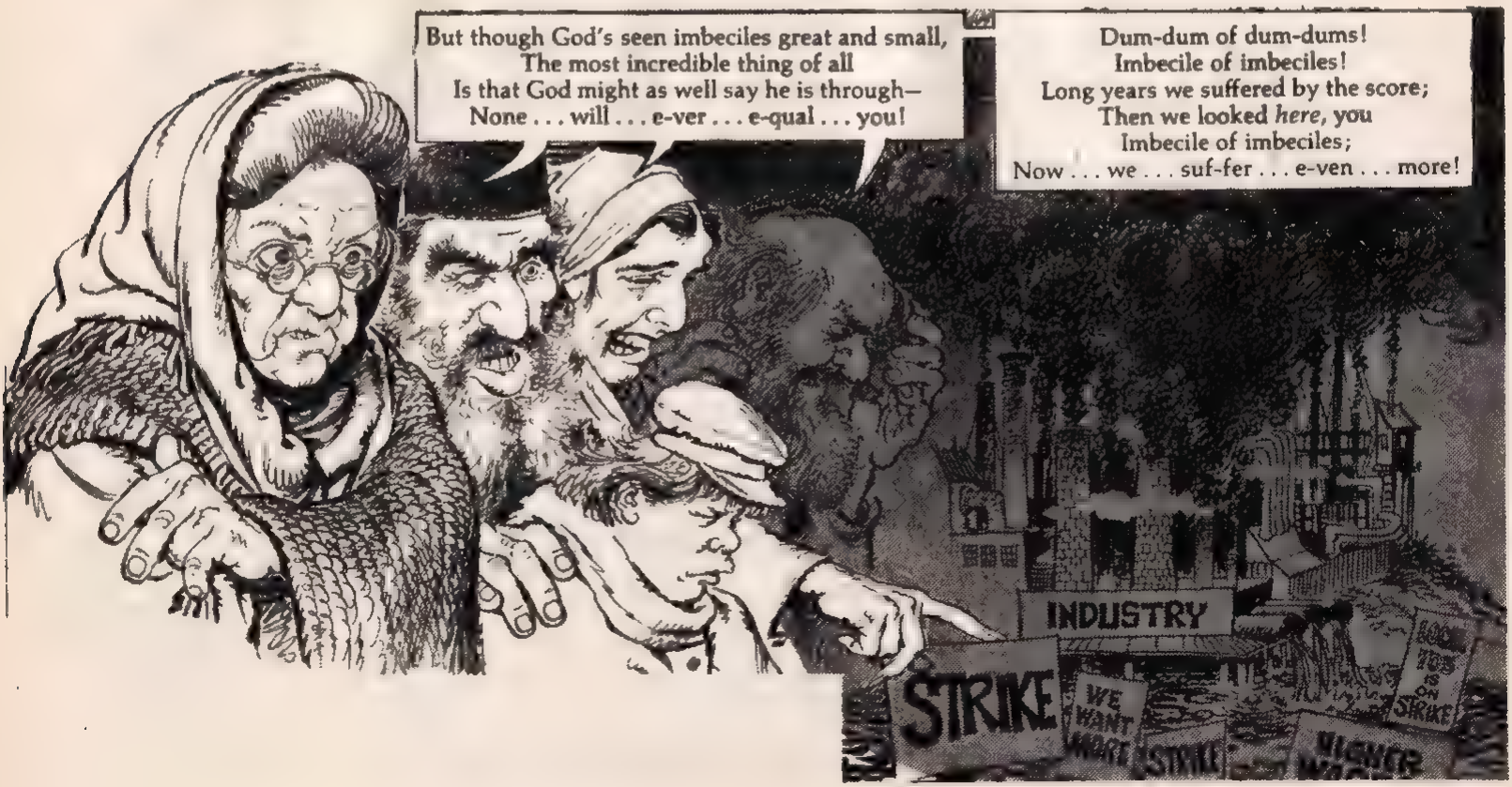

Still—I've got my youngest daughter, my little princess, my Joy! Each day, she sits in her room, making Molotov cocktails out of my wife's empty Geritol bottles!

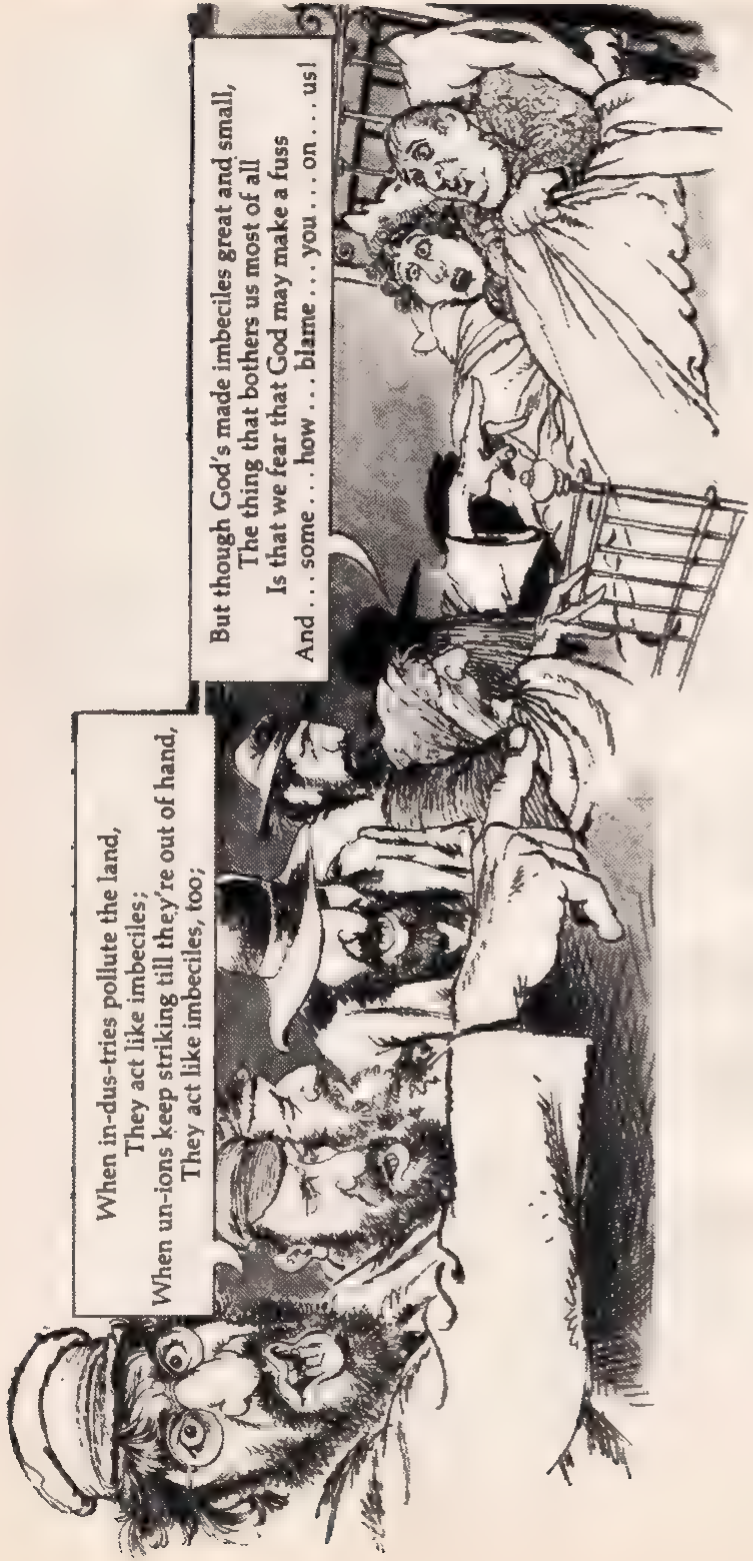

S'long, Pop! I'm gonna blow this nothing scene!
But, why? Haven't I given you everything you wanted? Didn't I bring the Chicago Seven to your Sweet Sixteen Party? Say you'll stay and I'll buy you your own very own munitions plant!
I'm off the violence kick, Pop! I'm into Gay Liberation, now! That's why I'm eloping with Pauline here!


Such a dilemma! My daughter, marrying a GIRL! On the other hand, she might be marrying a Black! On the other hand, I don't have to worry about her getting pregnant! On the other hand, I think it's time to talk to the Analyst again . . .


So you see, Doctor . . . they've all left us! Why? WHY??
For that answer, I need to probe your subconscious! Have you had any unusual dreams or nightmares lately?
Just one! I was sleeping the other night, when suddenly . . .
Aaagh! No! Not YOU!!
What is it? Who–who's here in our bedroom?!?
It's—it's THEM! It's our ancestors from the Old Country! There's my Grandfather, Tevya . . . and my Grandmother, Golde . . . and Motel, the Tailor . . . and Yente, the Matchmaker . . . and Lazar, the Butcher . . . and all the other people from Anetevka!
That's right! Back in Russia, we may not have had Analysts, but we could always recognize a fool when we saw one!

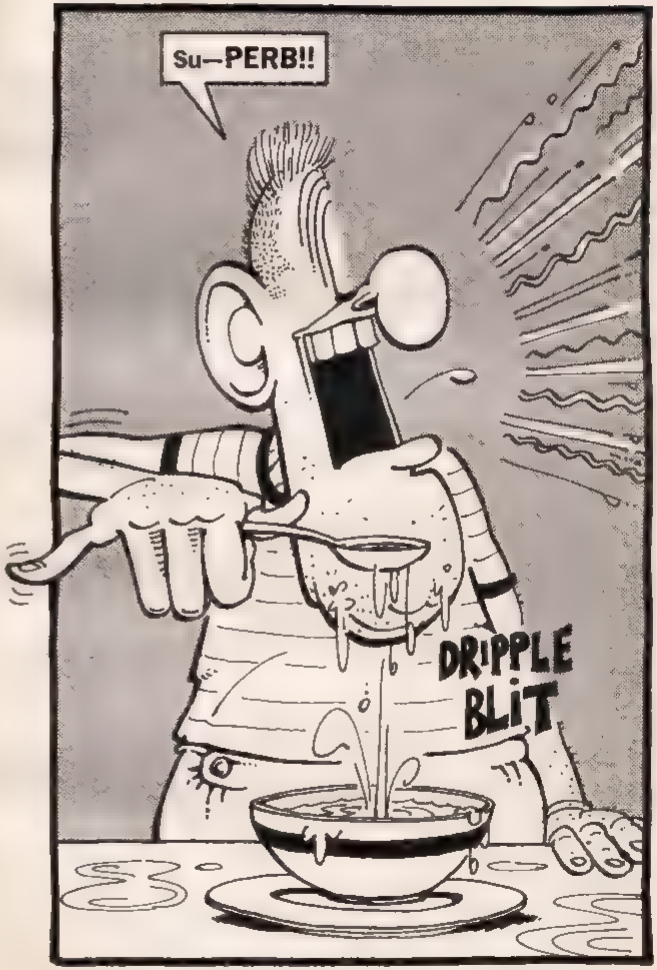

*Dum-dum of dum-dums!
Imbecile of Imbeciles!
God led us to the U.S.A.!
Said, "You are free," and,
Imbecile of imbeciles,
Look at what we find today!
Dum-dum of dum-dums!
Imbecile of Imbeciles!
God made a modern Cam-e-lot;
Now that we've seen the
Mess you've made,
We're afraid
God wants back his melting pot!
When Yippies tear the flag to shreds—
They act like imbeciles;
When hard-hats go crazy and start busting heads—
They act like imbeciles, too;
*Reprise to the tune of "Miracle of Miracles"


But though God's seen imbeciles great and small,
The most incredible thing of all
Is that God might as well say he is through—
None . . . will . . . e-ver . . . e-qual . . . you!
Dum-dum of dum-dums!
Imbecile of imbeciles!
Long years we suffered by the score;
Then we looked *here*, you
Imbecile of imbeciles;
Now . . . we . . . suf-fer . . . e-ven . . . more!
INDUSTRY
STRIKE
WE WANT MORE
STRIKE
ON STRIKE



ONE EVENING IN SPAIN

Well . . . how's the Garlic Soup in THIS place?
SLOOPLE
GLIK
SPLORP


Su—PERB!!
DRIPPLE
BLIT

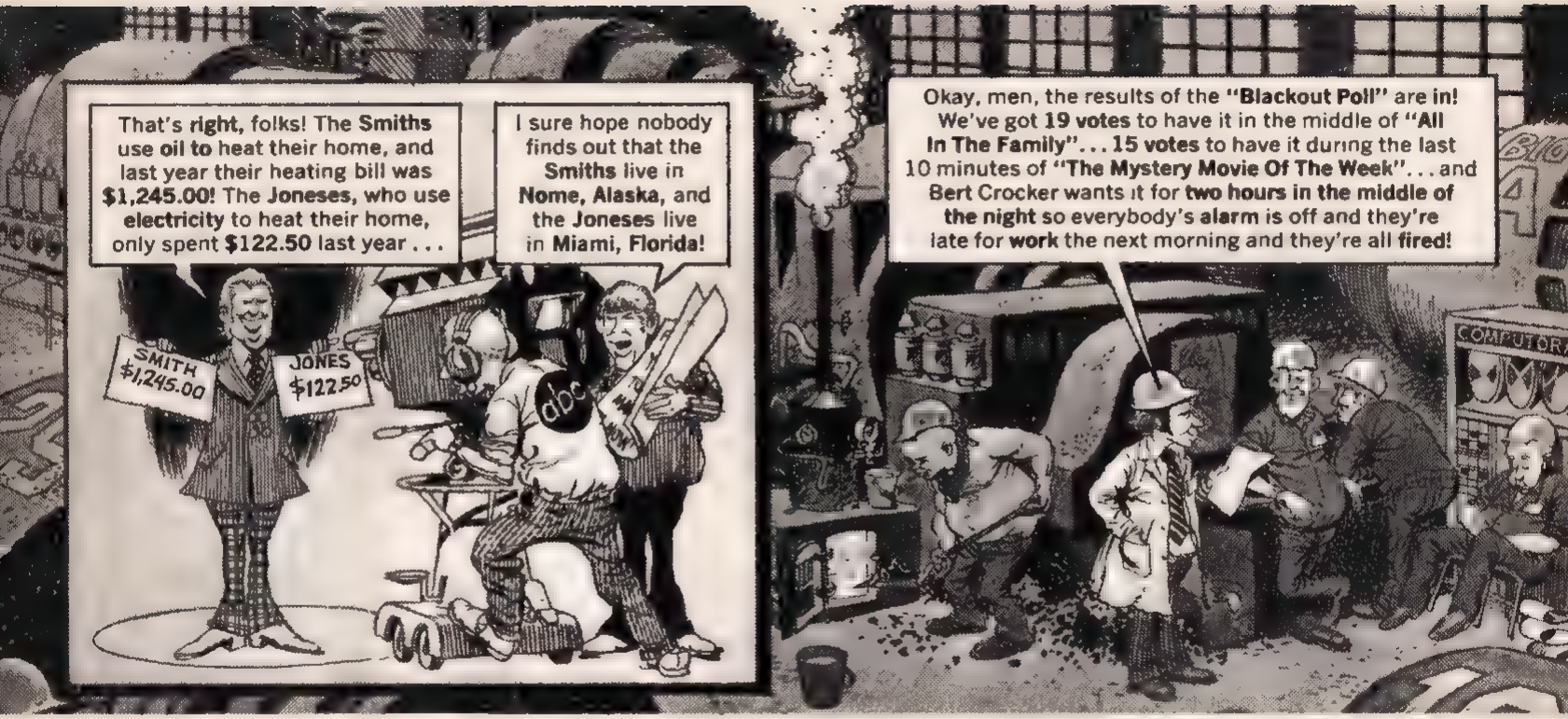
INSIDE-OUCH DEPT.

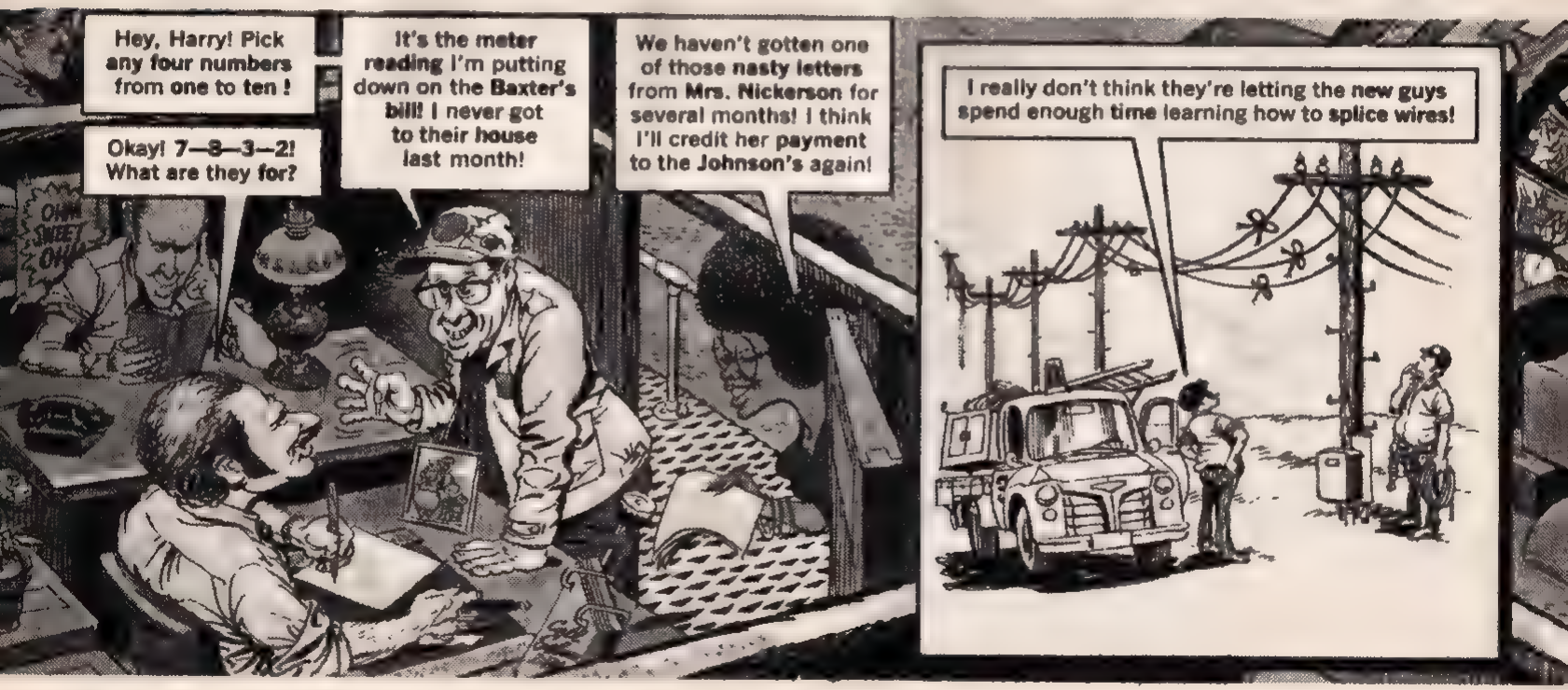
A MAD PEEK BEHIND THE SCENES AT YOUR LOCAL

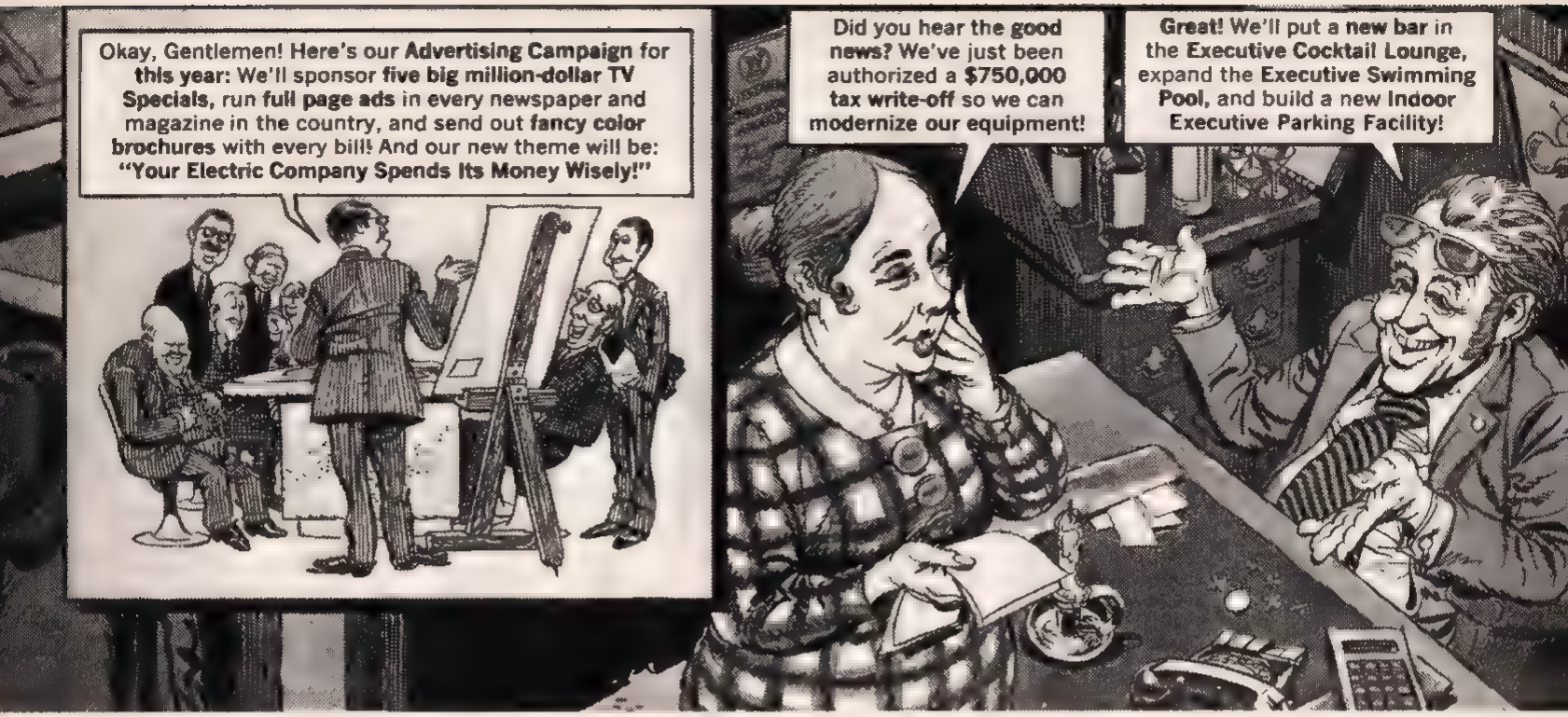
POWER & LIGHT COMPANY

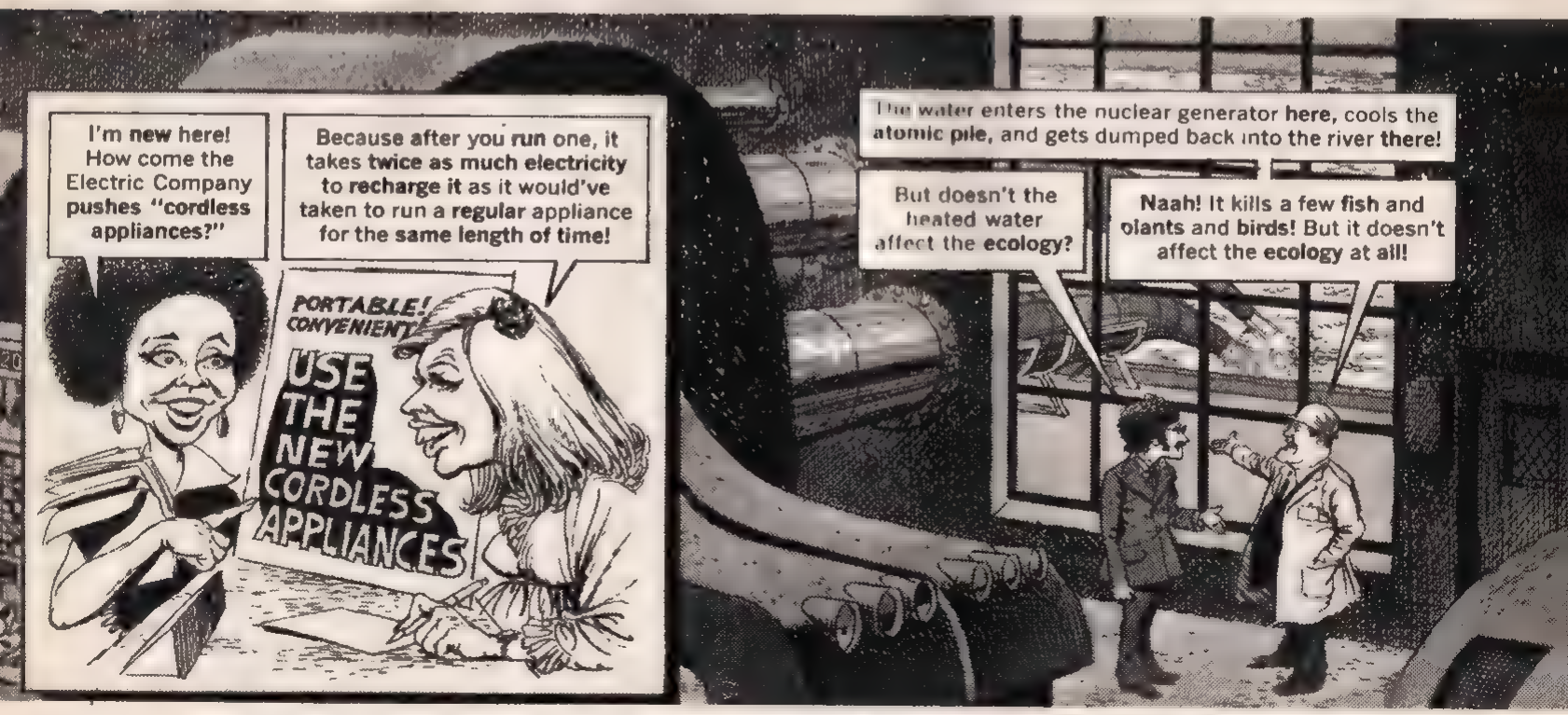
ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE
WRITTEN BY: DICK DE BARTOLO & DON EPSTEIN

My electric bill seems abnormally high this month! Would you please explain your billing system?
Certainly, Madam! You see, you buy electric energy on the basis of metered kilowatts . . . which is the total amount of voltage supplied minus the amperage consumed with a reciprocal allowance for unknown conductances calculated.
Could you put that in layman's terms!
Sure! If you don't pay your bill by Monday, we shut off your power!
S'long, Charlie! I'm goin' out to read meters now!
But, Sid! It's only 9 o'clock! Better wait a few hours! Some people might still be AWAKE!
TAKE NUMBER WAIT IN LINE
IF YOU LOSE YOUR NUMBER, YOU LOSE YOUR PLACE
NO. 362 NEXT
FOR YOUR CONVENIENCE, OPEN 'TIL 10 PM
CLOSED USE NEXT WINDOW
POPEYE GETS THE SHAFT


That's right, folks! The Smiths use oil to heat their home, and last year their heating bill was $1,245.00! The Joneses, who use electricity to heat their home, only spent $122.50 last year . . .
I sure hope nobody finds out that the Smiths live in Nome, Alaska, and the Joneses live in Miami, Florida!
SMITH $1,245.00
JONES $122.50
abc
Okay, men, the results of the "Blackout Poll" are in! We've got 19 votes to have it in the middle of "All In The Family"... 15 votes to have it during the last 10 minutes of "The Mystery Movie Of The Week"... and Bert Crocker wants it for two hours in the middle of the night so everybody's alarm is off and they're late for work the next morning and they're all fired!


Hey, Harry! Pick any four numbers from one to ten !
Okay! 7—8—3—2! What are they for?
It's the meter reading I'm putting down on the Baxter's bill! I never got to their house last month!
We haven't gotten one of those nasty letters from Mrs. Nickerson for several months! I think I'll credit her payment to the Johnson's again!
I really don't think they're letting the new guys spend enough time learning how to splice wires!


Okay, Gentlemen! Here's our Advertising Campaign for this year: We'll sponsor five big million-dollar TV Specials, run full page ads in every newspaper and magazine in the country, and send out fancy color brochures with every bill! And our new theme will be: "Your Electric Company Spends Its Money Wisely!"
Did you hear the good news? We've just been authorized a $750,000 tax write-off so we can modernize our equipment!
Great! We'll put a new bar in the Executive Cocktail Lounge, expand the Executive Swimming Pool, and build a new Indoor Executive Parking Facility!


I'm new here! How come the Electric Company pushes "cordless appliances?"
Because after you run one, it takes twice as much electricity to recharge it as it would've taken to run a regular appliance for the same length of time!
PORTABLE! CONVENIENT!
USE THE NEW CORDLESS APPLIANCES
The water enters the nuclear generator here, cools the atomic pile, and gets dumped back into the river there!
But doesn't the heated water affect the ecology?
Naah! It kills a few fish and plants and birds! But it doesn't affect the ecology at all!

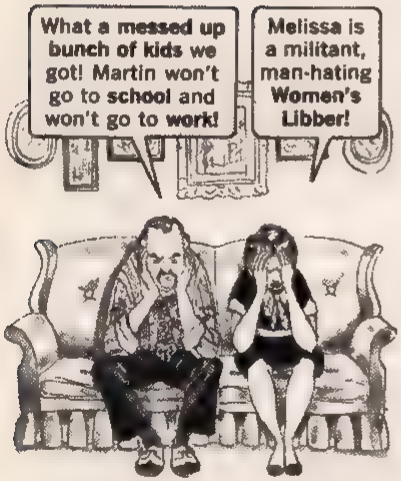
We got the authorization from Washington! We can increase our monthly rates by $175,000!
That's not so much!
Per block?!?
We gotta be seen lurking around this neighborhood for another week! There are still a few holdouts who refuse to leave their lights on all night to ward off crime!

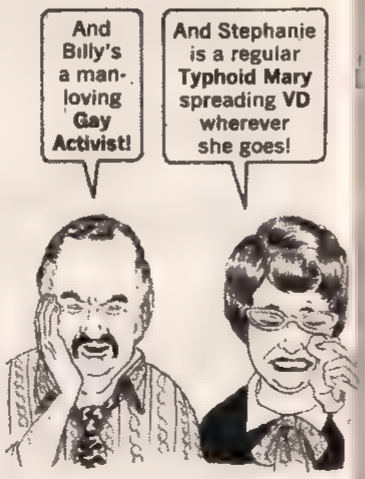
Hey, how come you set up the barricades here?!? The cable break is at Elm and Main!!
We know! But we jam up more traffic here!
CAUTION MEN AT WORK
STOP NO THRU TRAFFIC
SORRY FOR THE INCONVENIENCE. POWER + LIGHT
WE LOOSE THE JUICE... FOR A BRIGHTER AMERICA
Our effective control of pollution is down 43%! Our uninterrupted service to customers is down 52%! And our efficiency is down 61%! What should we do?
Raise our rates 74%!

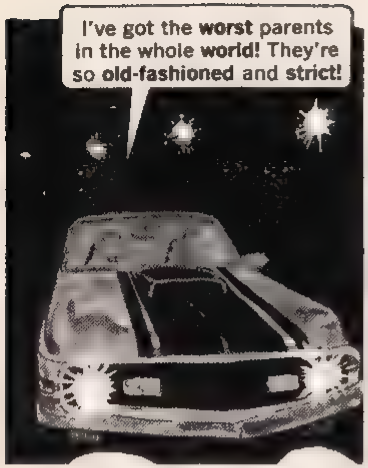
THE LIGHTER SIDE OF...

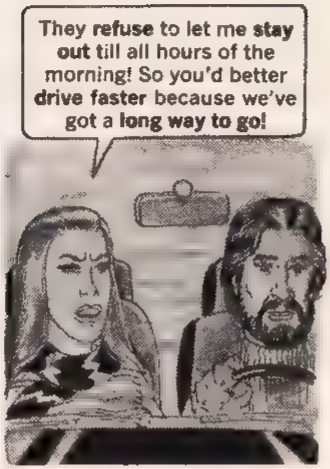
PERMISSIVENESS

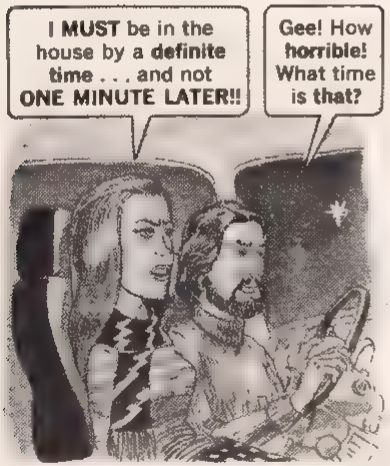
ARTIST & WRITER: DAVE BERG



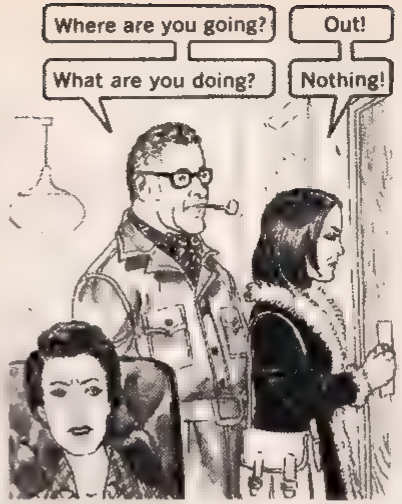


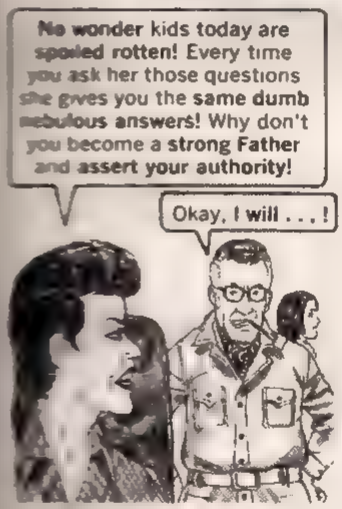

I've got the worst parents in the whole world! They're so old-fashioned and strict!

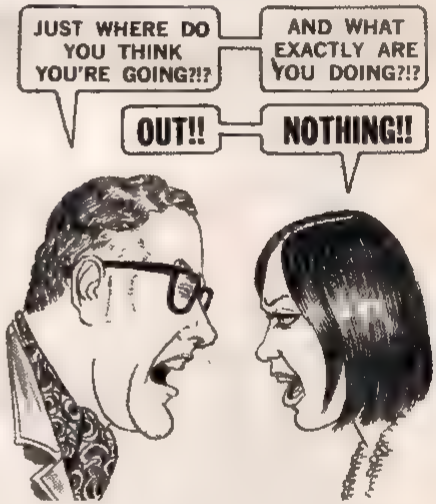

They refuse to let me stay out till all hours of the morning! So you'd better drive faster because we've got a long way to go!


I MUST be in the house by a definite time . . . and not ONE MINUTE LATER!!
Gee! How horrible! What time is that?

3 A.M.!!


Where are you going?
What are you doing?
Out!
Nothing!


No wonder kids today are spoiled rotten! Every time you ask her those questions she gives you the same dumb nebulous answers! Why don't you become a strong Father and assert your authority!
Okay, I will . . . !


JUST WHERE DO YOU THINK YOU'RE GOING?!?
AND WHAT EXACTLY ARE YOU DOING?!?
OUT!!
NOTHING!!

There! You can't accuse me of being a weak Father NOW!

I was a deprived kid, so I was determined that my kids would have everything I never had!
I worked like a horse, and I finally made it!
Now, my children have everything I never had!
Drug addiction, venereal disease, loss of identity, aimlessness . . . and a long list of Police arrests!

I DON'T CARE WHAT YOU THINK, I'M GONNA DO IT ANYWAY!
If I'd shouted at my Father like that, he'd have taken off his belt and whipped me bloody! How come you let your Son shout at you that way?
What else can I do . . . ?
The "Generation Gap" has become so WIDE . . .
. . . the only way we can communicate is to shout!!

Is it true that you're living with a tall, handsome blond fella?
Is it ever true? Like, oh wow!
ANTHONY LOVES ANTHONY
YVA LOVES JOHN BOB MARC HAROLD MICKEY JAY

Don't your parents object?
Oh, they object, all right!

But so far they haven't hassled me! Because if they ever did, I'd stop living with the tall, handsome blond fella . . .

And go live with a tall, handsome BLACK fella!!

You're her father! You go down there and tell her to stop smoking!!

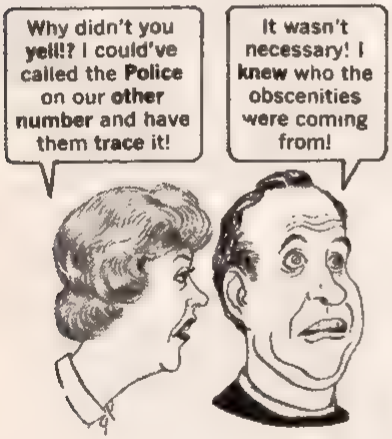
Oh? You want me to be the heavy!? You want your child to love you!? Well, I want my child to love me! Everybody wants to be loved! So if we do it, we do it together!!

Dear, speaking for your Mother and myself, we think you're too young to smoke!
I'M NOT TOO YOUNG! I'M FIFTEEN! AND I HATE THE BOTH OF YOU!

Why are you hating ME?!? I didn't say it!! HE did!!

My goodness! Such filthy language!

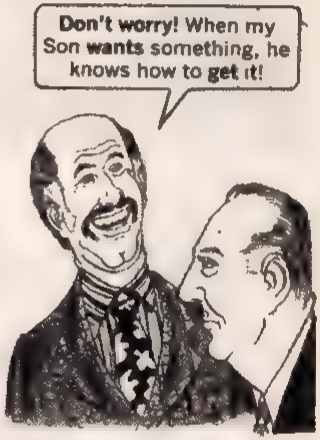
What's wrong?
We just received an obscene phone call!


Why didn't you yell!? I could've called the Police on our other number and have them trace it!
It wasn't necessary! I knew who the obscenities were coming from!

It was our DAUGHTER . . . calling from College!

Will you look at that! It's my Son and his date!
Where did he get the money to take her to such an expensive restaurant?

Beg pardon, Sir, but that young man asked me to give this to you!


Don't worry! When my Son wants something, he knows how to get it!

See what I mean . . .?!?

One of my students pulled a **knife** on me in class!
How **horrible!!**
Don't worry! I got the knife **away** from him!
How **wonderful!**
I'm not one of those **permissive teachers** who allows the kids to bully them!
How did you get the knife **away?**
I **bought it** from him!!

We adults did such a **bad job** on you kids that it's a **NATIONAL DISASTER!**
Now . . . it would take **another** National Disaster to shock you kids out of the **first** Disaster!
Like **what** . . .?
Well . . . like . . . all the **adults** could suddenly **DROP DEAD!**
Naahh! **That** wouldn't work!
Because **that** wouldn't be a **DISASTER!!**

Well, Miss Woodstock Generation! So tell me, what terrible things did you do at the Rock Festival?
Nuthin'!

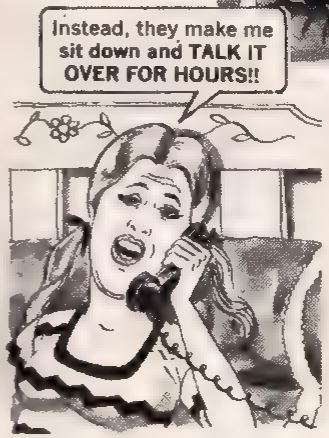
When you say "Nothing!", that means "Something!" What did you do?
If you must know, I went skinny dipping in the lake with a bunch of fellahs!

OH, MY GOD! WHAT A FILTHY, DISGUSTING THING TO DO!!
Oh, Mom— stop being such a prude!

What prude?!? That lake is POLLUTED!!

I have the cruelest parents in the world!

No matter how much I provoke them, they won't punish me!


Instead, they make me sit down and TALK IT OVER FOR HOURS!!

That's the cruelest punishment of all!!!

What kids today are doing is **testing** us adults to see how **far** they can **go!** But I **fooled** my kids! I used **reverse psychology** on them!

When my **Sally** threatened to run off to some **Commune**, I said, **"Go ahead, see if I care!"** When my **Jerry** threatened to go on **drugs**, I said, **"Go ahead, see if I care!"** And when my **Laura** threatened to become a **Militant Activist**, I said, **"Go ahead, see if I care!"**

They learned! Nobody fools around with **me!** I was a **Psychology Major!**

Gee . . . you **ARE** smart! How did your kids **react** to your cunning maneuvers?

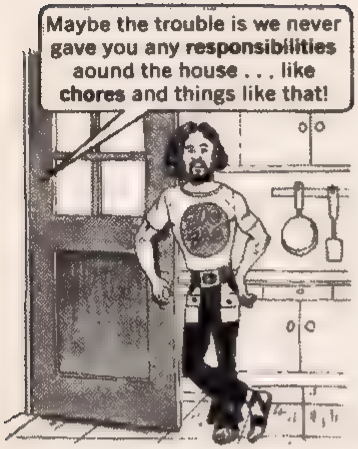
Sally ran away . . . Jerry's hooked on heroin . . . and Laura's fire-bombing banks!

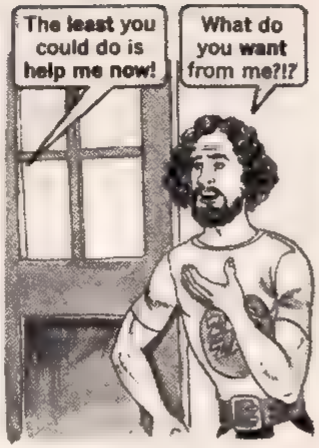
Today, with all this new **sexual permissiveness**, there are so many **BAD GIRLS** running around!

And the **worst** of it is, they get **AWAY with it!**

On the **other** hand, take the case of my **Niece!** She's only **18!** Twice, now, she's become **pregnant** . . . and twice, now, she's had to have an **abortion!**

How come it's only the **NICE girls** that get caught!?!


Maybe the trouble is we never gave you any **responsibilities** aound the house . . . like **chores** and things like that!


The **least** you could do is **help me now!**
What do you **want** from me?!?

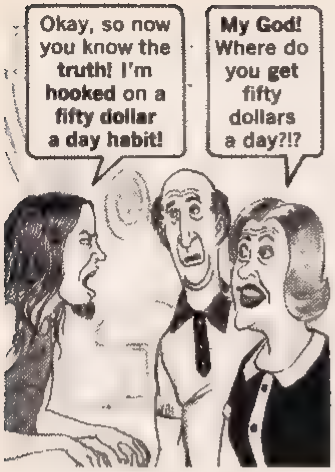
I'm **holding the door** for you, **aren't** I?!?

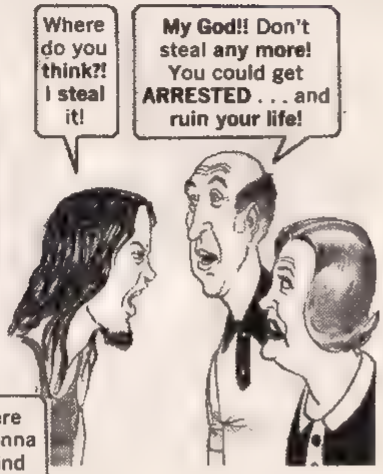
I'm going to the **greatest school!** We can take **any** courses we **want!**

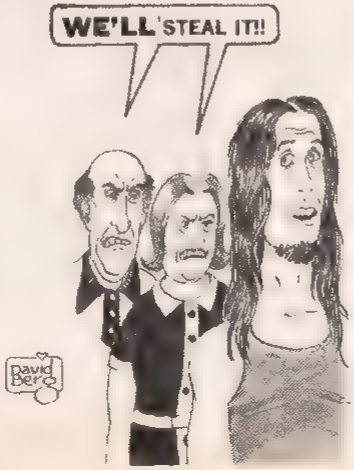
So I worked out a **real "fun" program:** "Ceramics," "Flower Arrangements," "Snorkeling" and "Basket Weaving"!

Oh, **wow!** That's **wild!** What do you expect to be when you **graduate?**

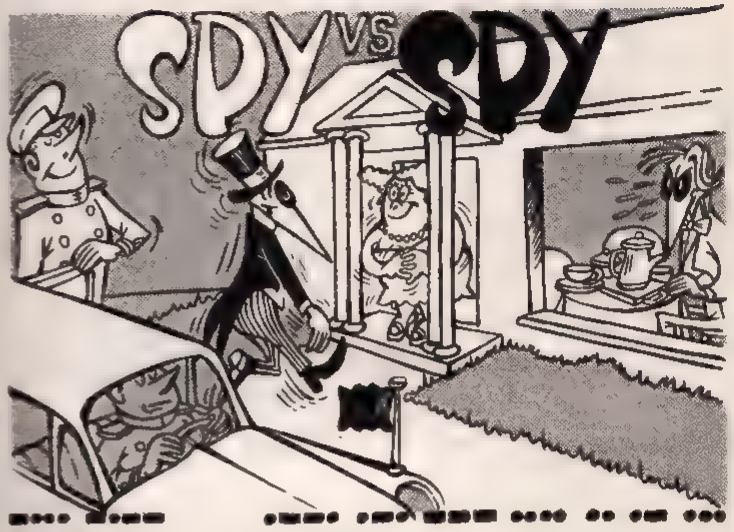
Unemployed!!
53

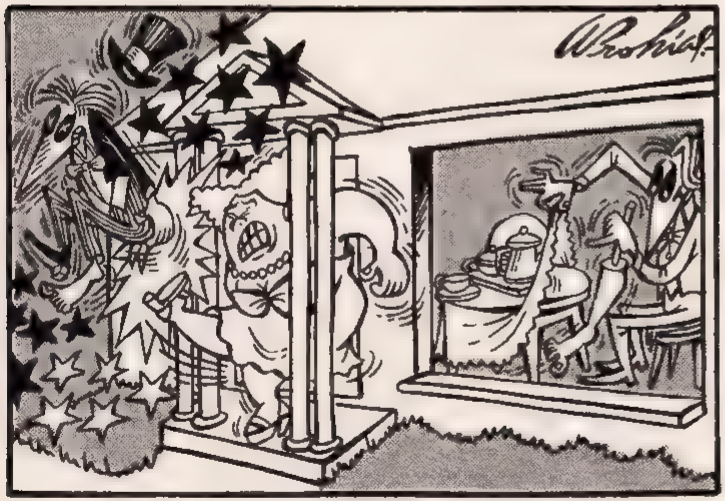






JOKE AND DAGGER DEPT.





SCREEN PLAGUES DEPT.

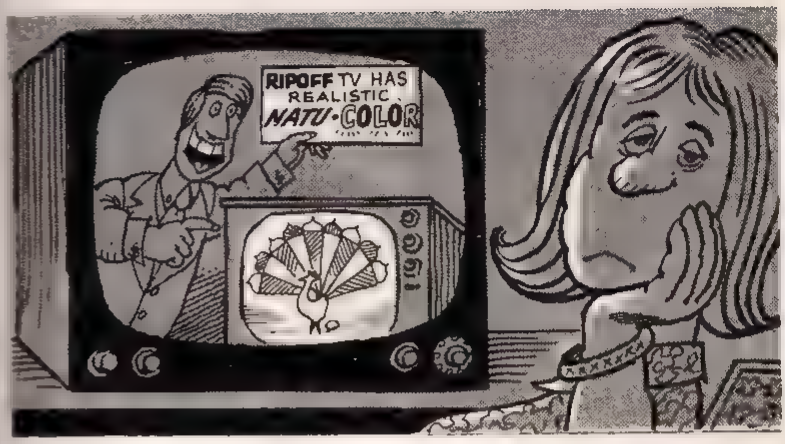
Hey, gang! Here we go again with another MAD "Hate Book" . . . those little literary gems calculated to help you feel better by letting you blow off steam about your pet hates. This one is designed for all you TV Viewers out there, and is called (quite naturally) . . .

THE MAD TV VIEWERS HATE BOOK

ARTIST & WRITER:
AL JAFFEE

DON'T YOU HATE . . .
. . . portable sets that seem light enough when quick-lifted in the store, but turn out to be designed for weight-lifters when actually used.

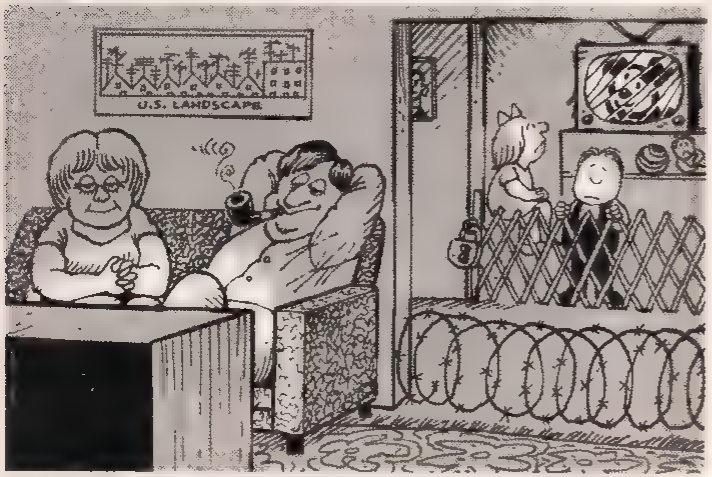
DON'T YOU HATE . . .
. . . commercials that are bad enough when seen once, but which are repeated *ad nauseum* throughout the day.



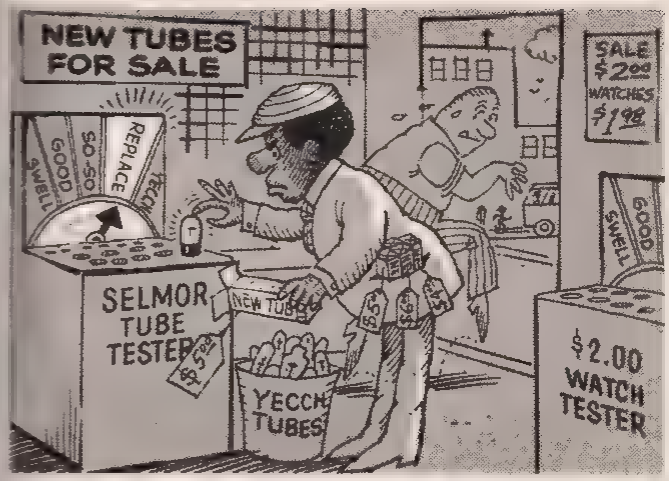
DON'T YOU HATE . . .
. . . the idiocy of advertising the wonders of color TV on TV, since you can't see it if you don't have a color TV set . . . and it's a waste of time if you already do.

DON'T YOU HATE . . .
. . . discovering that kids eating peanut-butter-and-jelly sandwiches were using the TV set before you.

DON'T YOU HATE . . .
. . . when everyone is talking about the greatest show ever presented on TV, and you're the only one that missed it

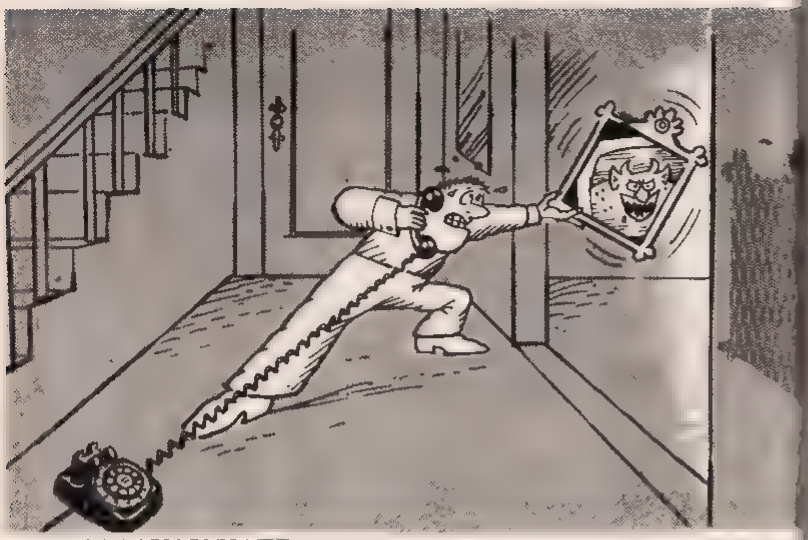


DON'T YOU HATE . . .
. . . parents who buy a big new color set for themselves and put the old black-and-white set in the playroom for the kids.

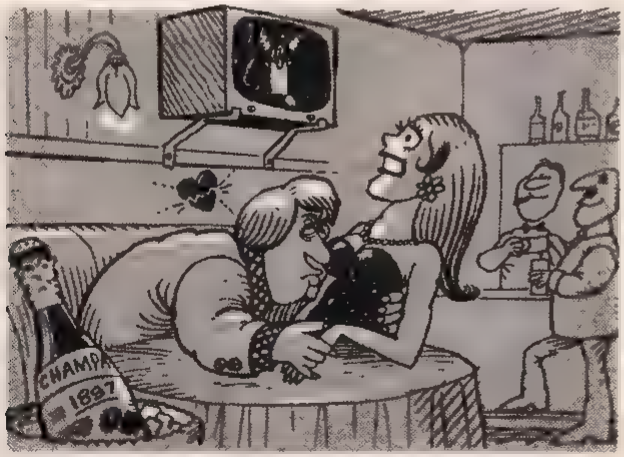


DON'T YOU HATE . . .
. . . self-service tube-testing machines that are about as accurate as a $2.00 watch.

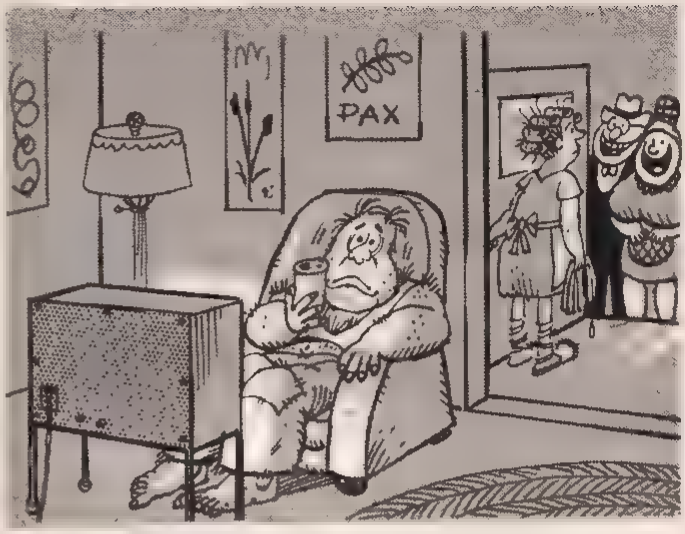
DON'T YOU HATE . . .
. . . when somebody says, "And now, let's pause a moment for station identification!" and what you get is nine consecutive commercials.



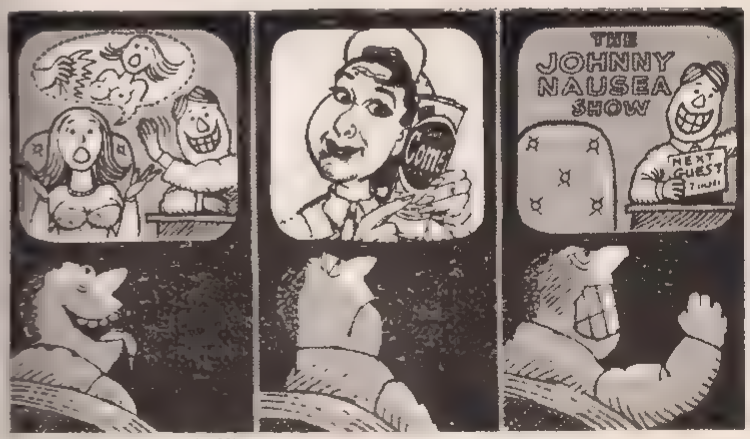
DON'T YOU HATE . . .
. . . getting an important phone call during the final minutes of a fascinating mystery you've been watching for two hours.



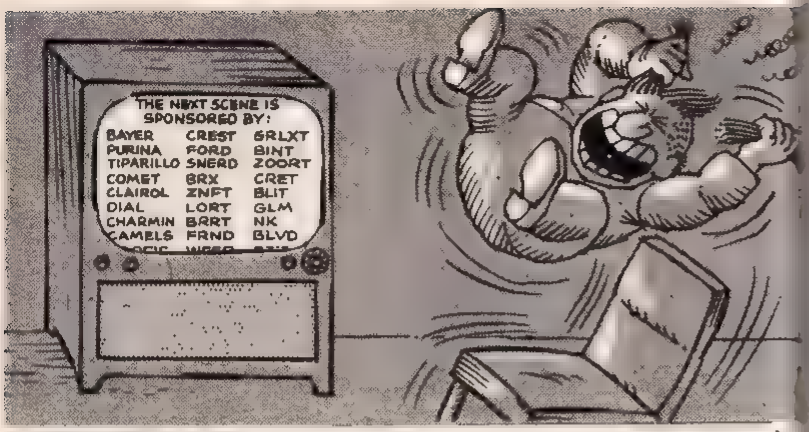
DON'T YOU HATE . . .
. . . the distracting nuisance of TV in public places.



DON'T YOU HATE . . .
. . . unexpected company just as you're settling down to watch a program you've waited three weeks to see.

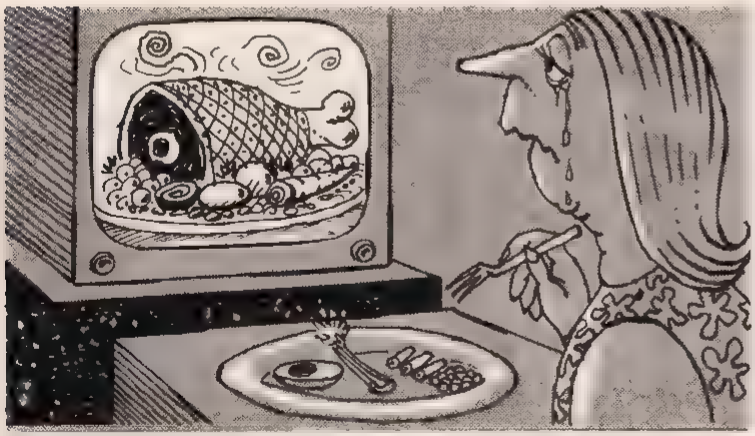


DON'T YOU HATE . . .
. . . talk shows that break for six inane commercials just as a guest is about to make a dazzling point.



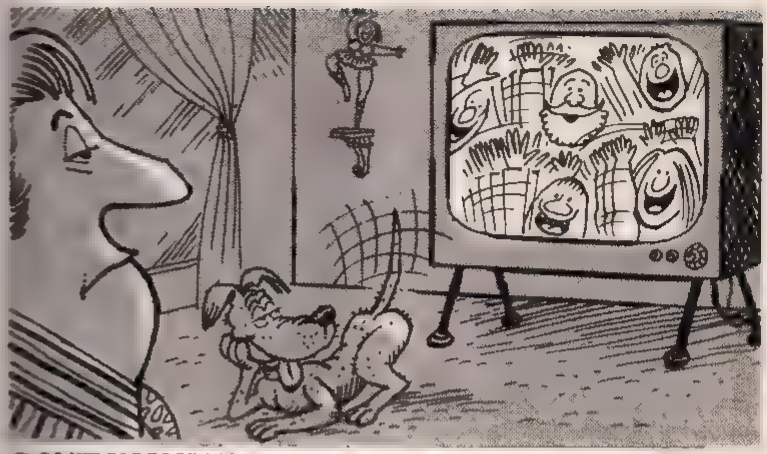
DON'T YOU HATE . . .

. . . how they pile on commercials toward the end of a movie because they know you aren't likely to tune out after watching this long.



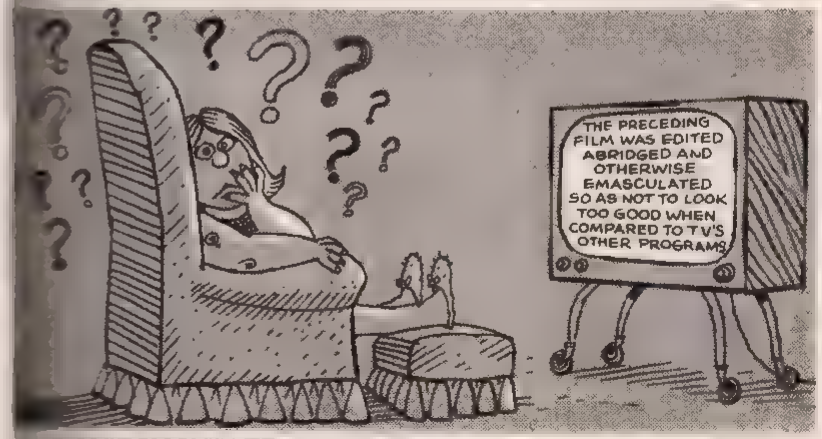
DON'T YOU HATE . . .

. . . when they show one commercial after another of luscious, delicious-looking foods . . . and you're on a starvation diet.



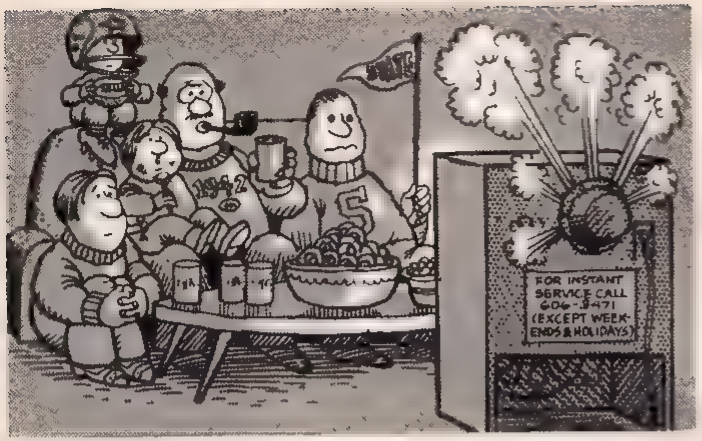
DON'T YOU HATE . . .

. . . people who wave like idiots when they see a TV camera.

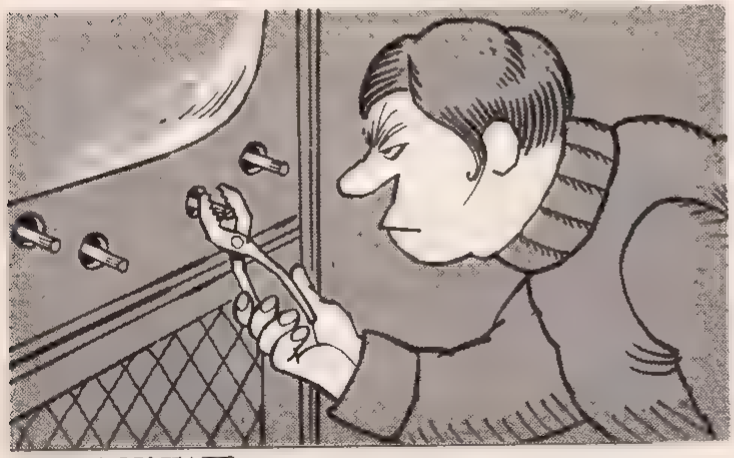


DON'T YOU HATE . . .

. . . discovering, after hours of watching, that you can't make head or tail out of a movie because it's been so heavily censored for TV.

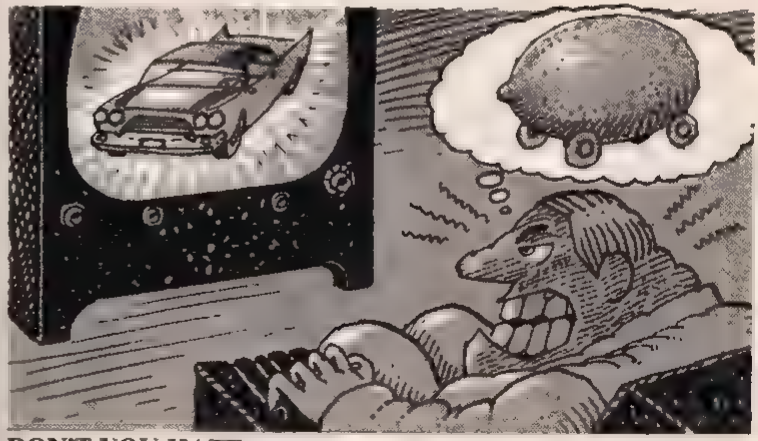


DON'T YOU HATE . . .
. . . settling down for a long weekend of great Championship Sports, and the picture tube blows on the very first play.

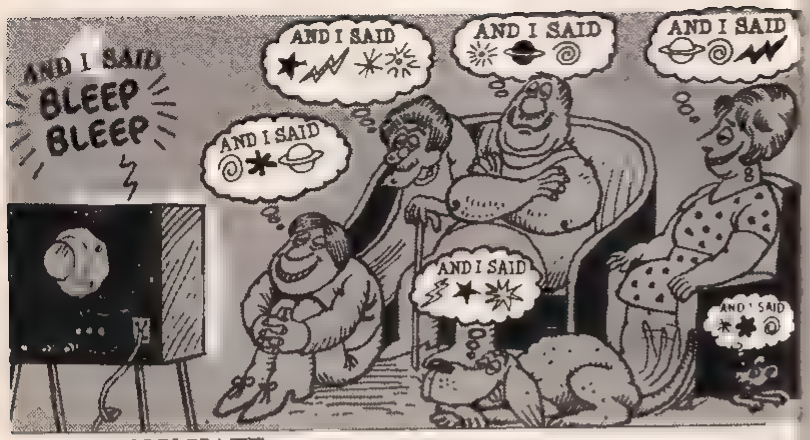


DON'T YOU HATE . . .
. . . having younger children in the family who somehow manage to remove and misplace every knob on the set.

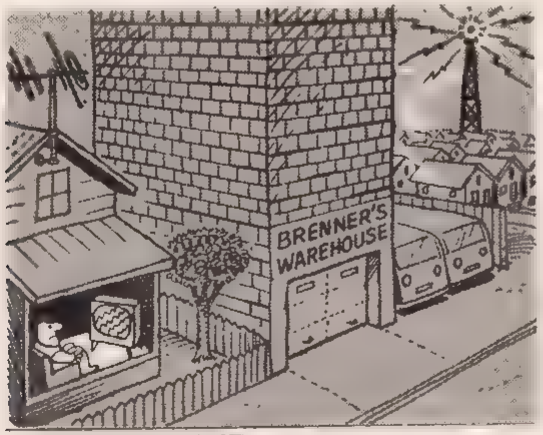
DON'T YOU HATE . . .
. . . holding out as long as you can, finally going to the bathroom, and coming back too late to even see the replay of the winning touchdown.



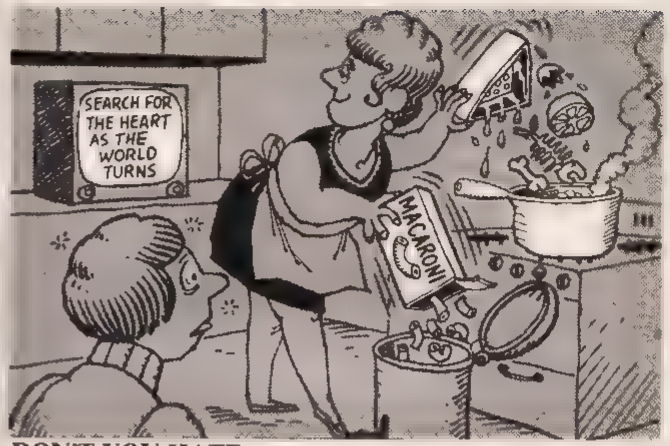
DON'T YOU HATE . . .
. . . watching a commercial extolling the virtues of a product you just bought which is the biggest mistake you've ever made.



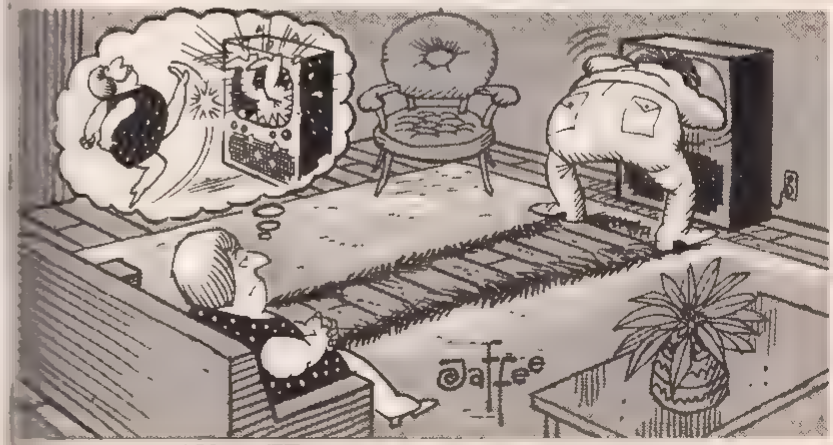
DON'T YOU HATE . . .
. . . finding out that those bleeped out words on a show you saw weren't anywhere near as filthy as the one's you'd conjured up.



DON'T YOU HATE . . .
. . . that huge bulding that's suddenly erected right between you and all the TV transmitters.

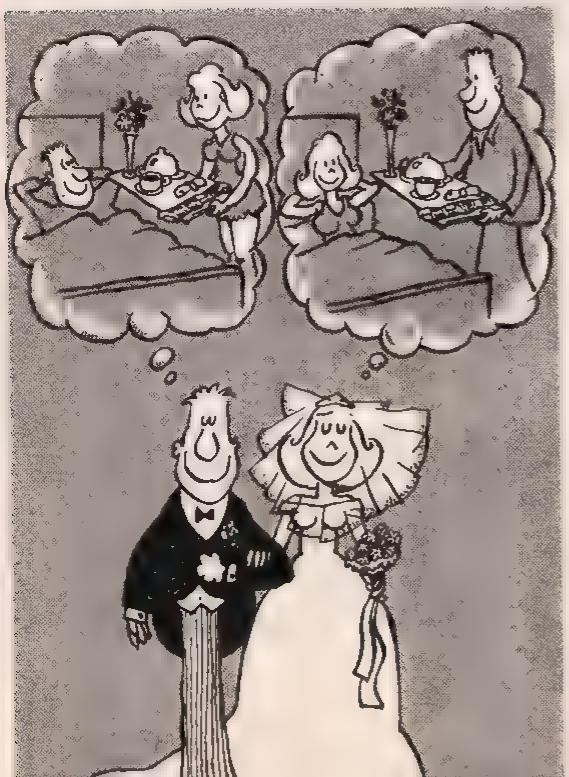


DON'T YOU HATE . . .
. . . meals prepared by Mothers addicted to Daytime TV.



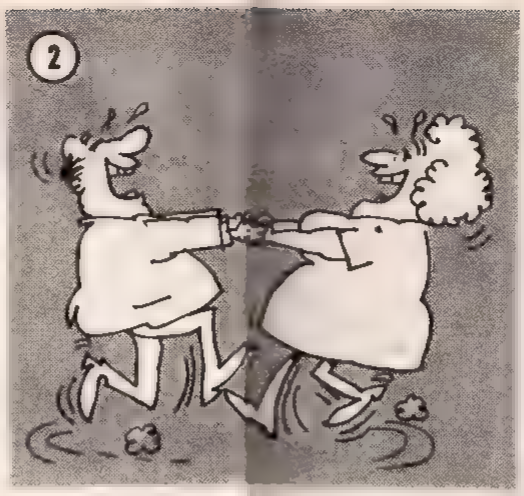
DON'T YOU HATE . . .
. . . people who are never satisfied with the way a set is tuned.

A MAD LOOK AT WEDDINGS



ARTIST & WRITER: SERGIO ARAGONES

1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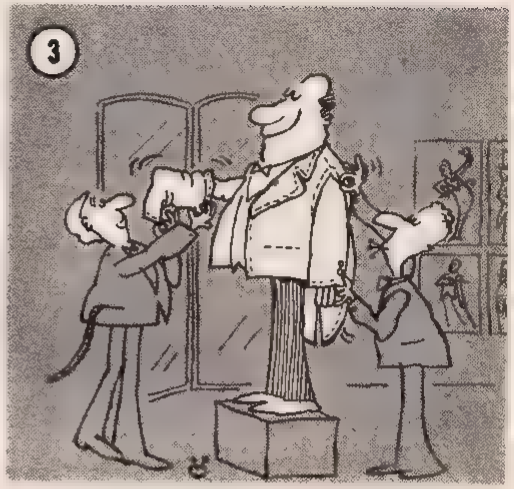

3

4

5

1

2

1

2

1
JUSTICE
OF THE
PEACE

2

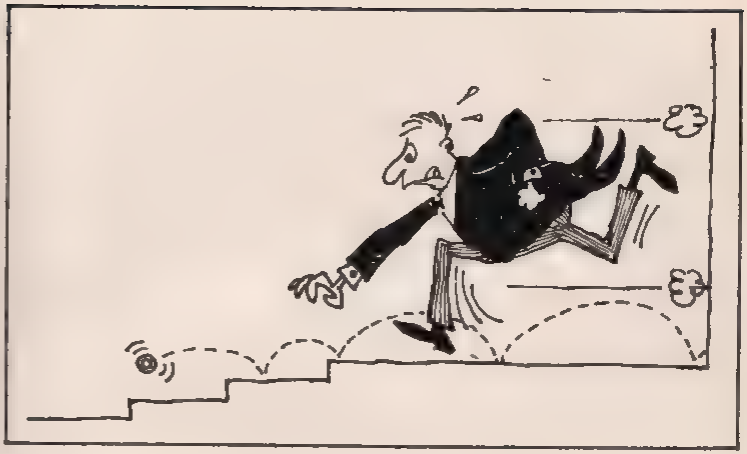
3
JUSTICE
OF THE
PEACE

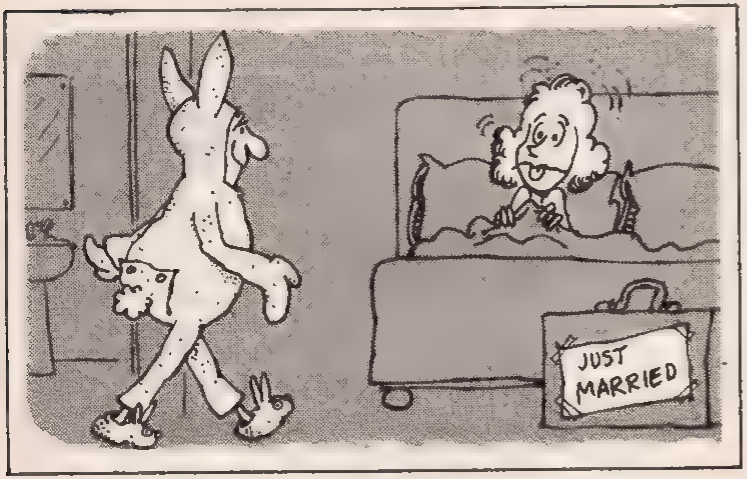
1
WITH LOVE
AUNT
AGATHA

2
?

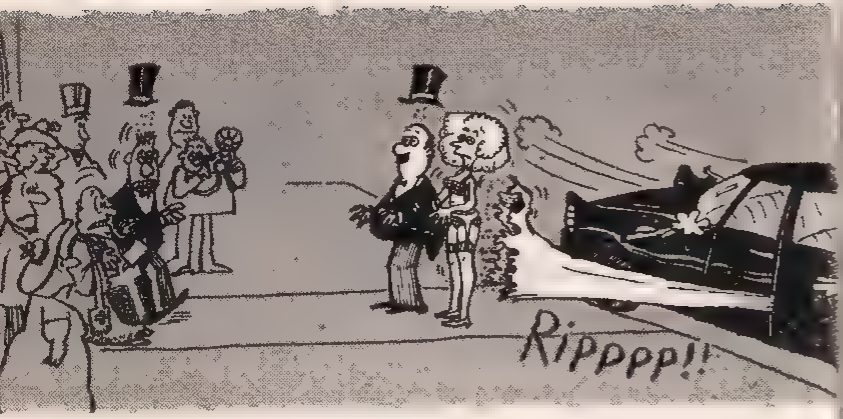
BAKERY

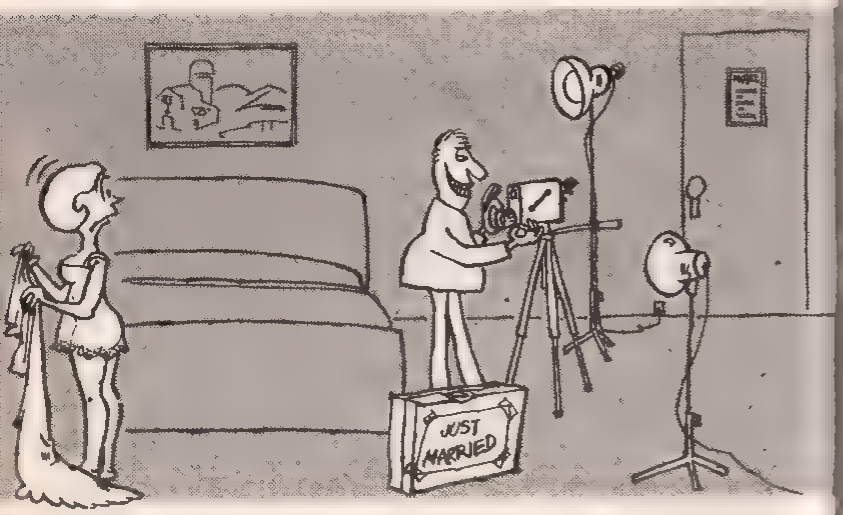
MARRIAGE LICENSES
WANTED
BIGAMY



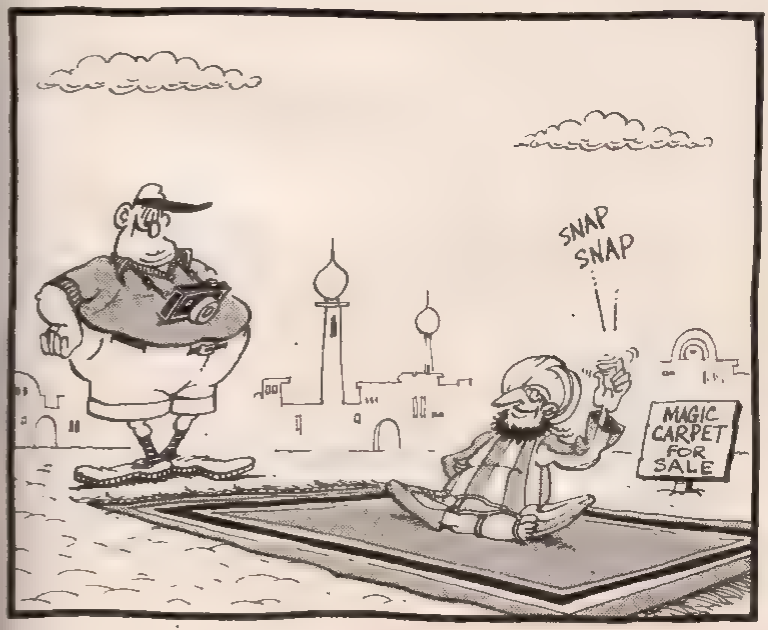

JUST
MARRIED

WELCOME

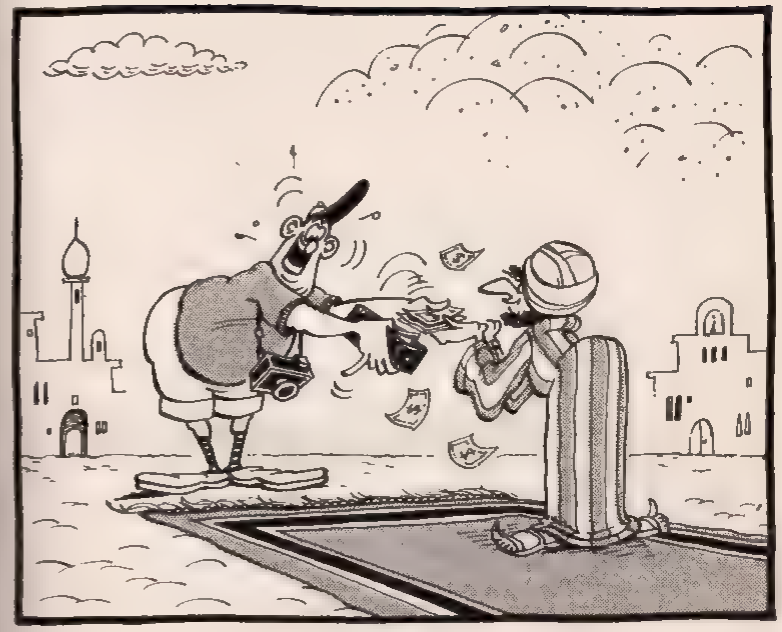


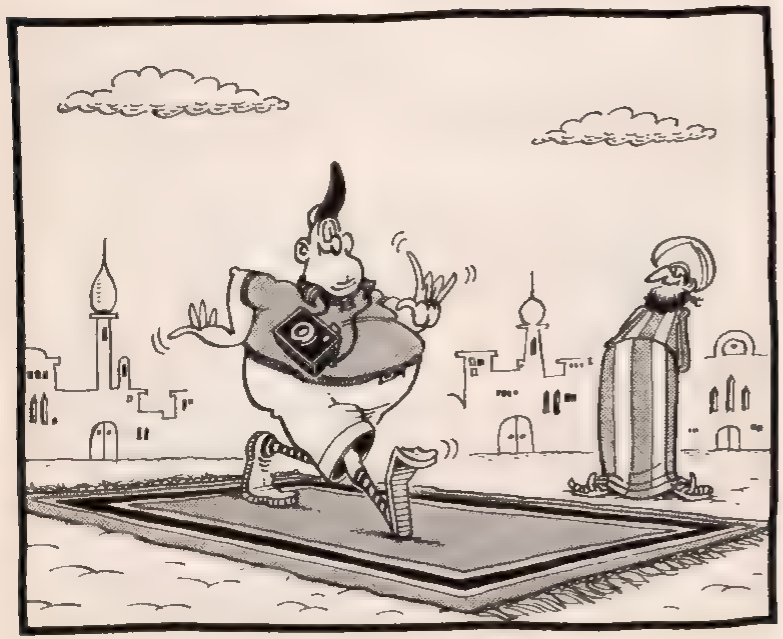


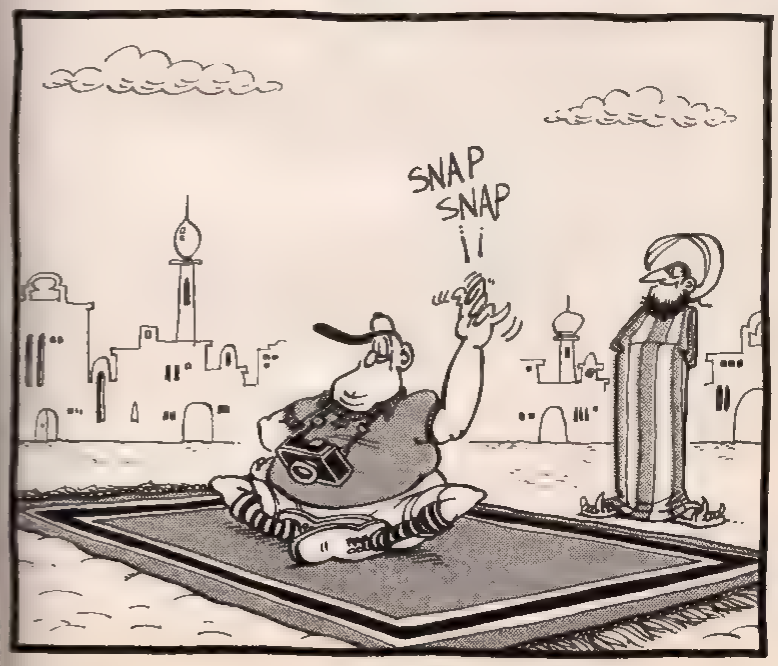
ONE MORNING IN MARRAKESH

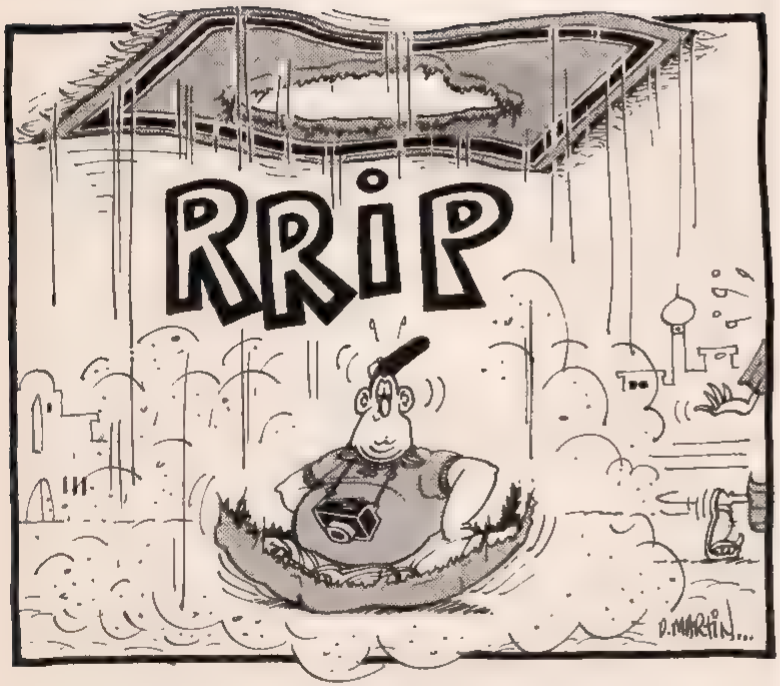


WOOOSH






SNAP
SNAP



OUR GOOSE IS COOKED DEPT.

Hey, diddle, diddle,
The cat and the fiddle
Are heading for death and destruction;
Let's hope that they read
All the rhymes that succeed
This ridiculous Mad introduction . . . to

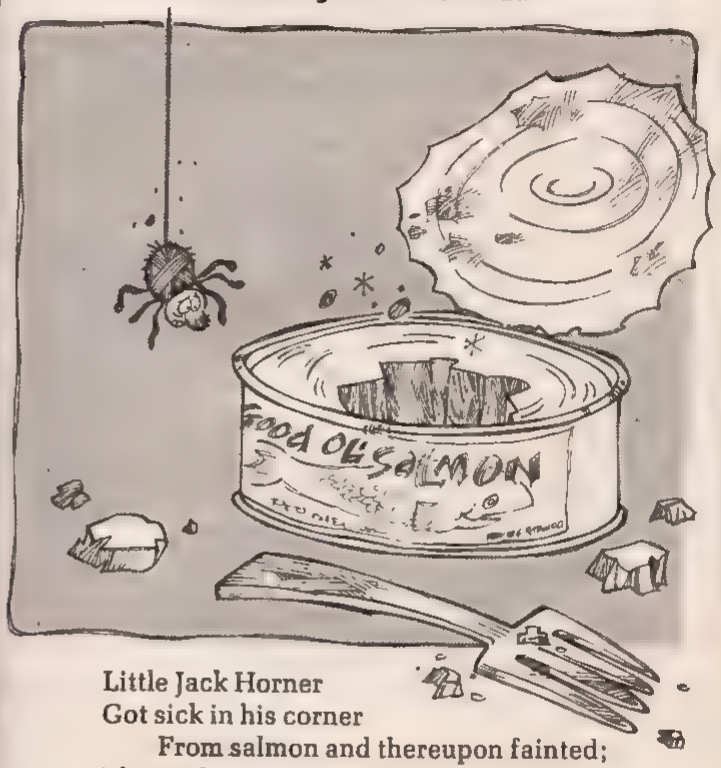
MAD'S ECOLOGY MOTHER GOOSE

ARTIST: PAUL COKER, JR.
VERSE: FRANK JACOBS
IDEA: M. S. PINKHAM

Little Miss Muffet

Little Miss Muffet
Collapsed on her tuffet
From swordfish and died in a minute;
Along came a spider
Who knelt down beside her
And said, "T'was the mercury in it."

Little Jack Horner

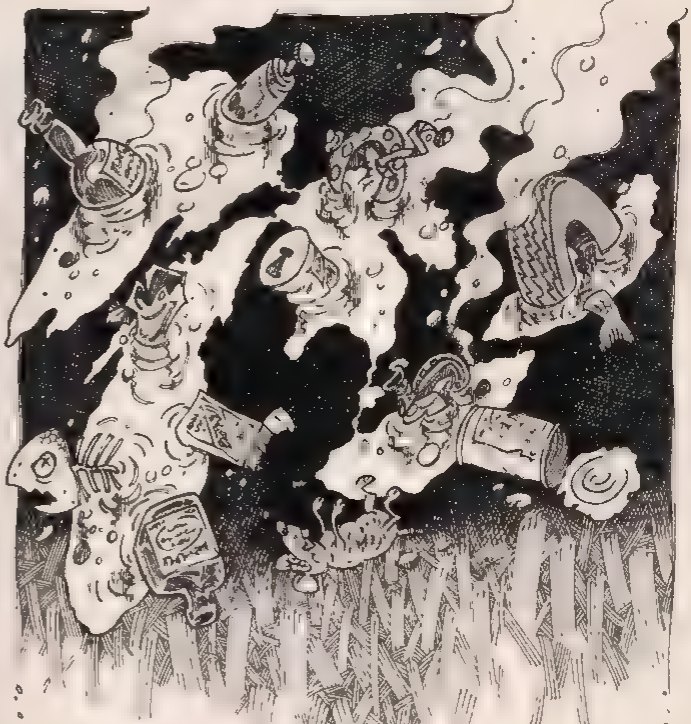


Little Jack Horner
Got sick in his corner
From salmon and thereupon fainted;
The spider inspected
The brand Jack selected
And said, "Seems like *everything's* tainted."

Solomon Grundy

Solomon Grundy, breathed on Monday,
Wheezed on Tuesday, sneezed on Wednesday,
Coughed on Thursday, gasped on Friday,
Gagged on Saturday, heaved on Sunday,
And that was a good week for Solomon Grundy.

Five Great Lakes

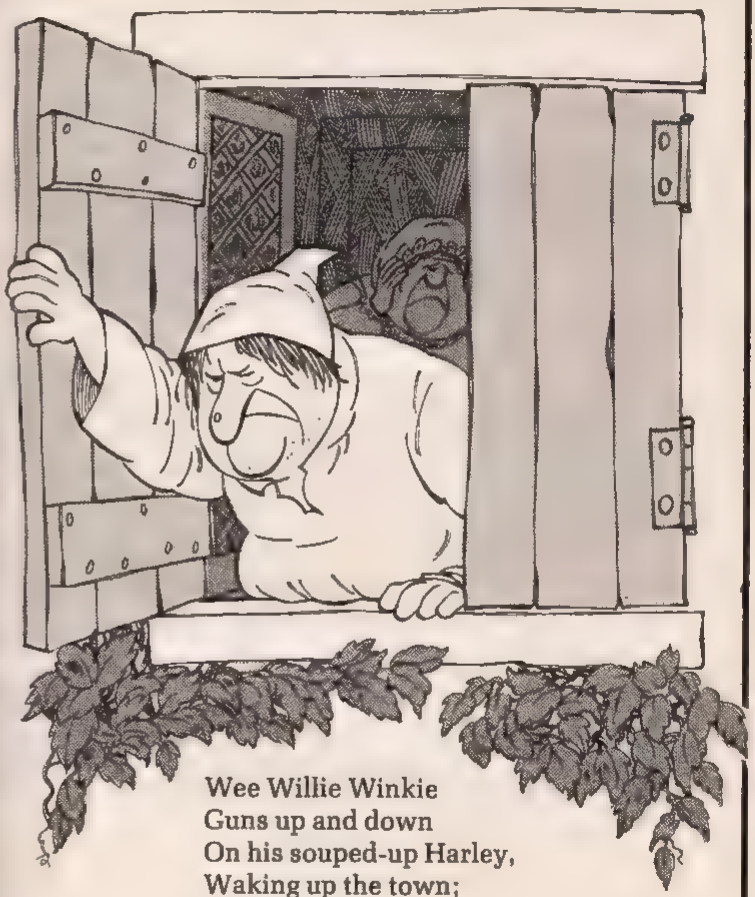


Five great lakes;
Five great lakes;
See what we've done!
See what we've done!
The fish are all dead 'cause pollution's rife;
You can cut through the scum with a carving knife;
Did you ever see such a blight in your life
As five great lakes?

Sing a Song of Spillage

Sing a song of spillage—
A tanker's fouled the shore;
Four-and-twenty black birds—
They were white before.

Wee Willie Winkie



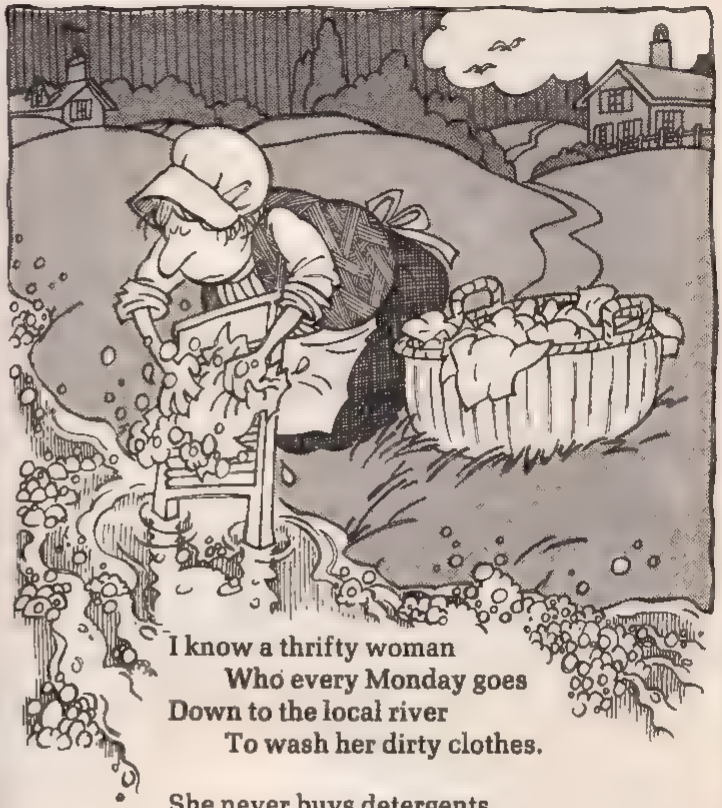
Wee Willie Winkie
Guns up and down
On his souped-up Harley,
Waking up the town;
If you think that Willie
Makes a racket, Mister,
Wait till Willie's brother
Turns on his transistor.

Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star

Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
How I wonder what you are?
Up above the world so high,
Like a diamond in the sky.

Well, I'll tell you, little star,
I can't tell you what you are;
With the smoke and haze and pall
I'm not sure you're there at all.

I Know A Thrifty Woman



I know a thrifty woman
Who every Monday goes
Down to the local river
To wash her dirty clothes.

She never buys detergents
To clean her filthy duds
Because she knows the river
Is filled with gobs of suds.

She really must be thrifty
In order to ignore
The fact the suds she's using
Were used by folks before.

Four Little Tigers

Four little tigers
Sitting in a tree;
One became a lady's coat—
Now there's only three.

Three little tigers
'Neath a sky of blue;
One became a rich man's rug—
Now there's only two.

Two little tigers
Sleeping in the sun;
One a hunter's trophy made—
Now there's only one.

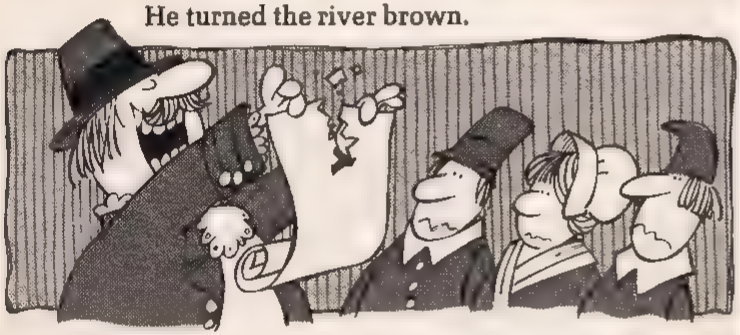
One little tiger
Waiting to be had;
Oops! He got the hunter first—
Aren't you kind of glad?

Little Bo-Peep

Little Bo-Peep
Has lost her sheep
And thinks they may be roaming;
They haven't fled;
They've all dropped dead
From nerve gas in Wyoming.

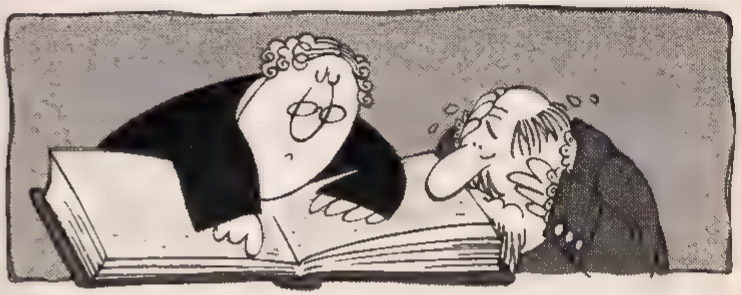
Murray Had A Smelting Plant

Murray had a smelting plant,
Which made the people frown;
For every time he poured out wastes
He turned the river brown.



The people came to Murray's plant
To show their opposition;
But Murray laughed right in their face
And tore up their petition.

The people took the case to court
And Murray heard the judge
Declare the plant must never more
Pour out its icky sludge.



The judge invoked an ancient law
From eighteen fifty-nine,
Which meant that Murray had to pay
A fifteen-dollar fine.

Should Murray not obey the law,
It's good to know that when
He's hauled back in he'll have to pay
That fifteen bucks again.

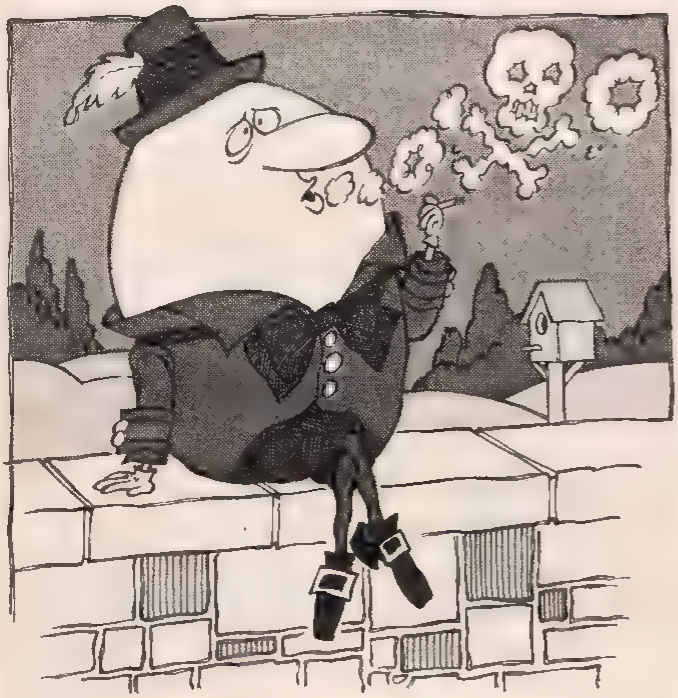
If All Of The Gum

If all of the gum that people chewed
Was stuck beneath a chair—
If all of the trash that people burned
Was blown into the air—
If all of the slums that slumlords owned
Were left to rot away—
Then you would know for sure, my lad,
You're in the U.S.A.

Hickety, Pickety

Hickety, pickety, my black hen,
She lays eggs for gentlemen;
Of course, it's very good indeed
They don't know what goes in her feed.

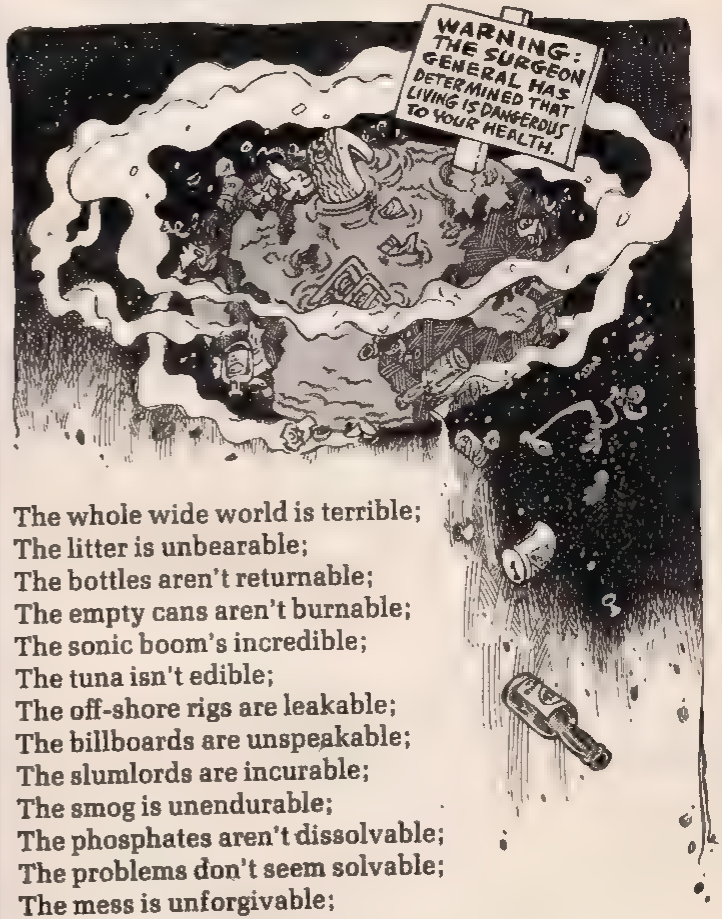
Humpty Dumpty



Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall;
Humpty Dumpty smoked a Pall Mall;
All of the doctors told Humpty that he
Must quit or he'd never live past 33.

Humpty Dumpty said, "I shall quit";
Humpty Dumpty smoked not a bit;
Humpty from smog is beginning to choke;
What the hell, Humpty! You might as well smoke!

The Whole Wide World Is Terrible



The whole wide world is terrible;
The litter is unbearable;
The bottles aren't returnable;
The empty cans aren't burnable;
The sonic boom's incredible;
The tuna isn't edible;
The off-shore rigs are leakable;
The billboards are unspeakable;
The slumlords are incurable;
The smog is unendurable;
The phosphates aren't dissolvable;
The problems don't seem solvable;
The mess is unforgivable;
Let's face it—life's unlivable.

TIGHTENING THE MONEY BELT DEPT.

You've heard of "Inner City Poverty" and "Appalachian Poverty" and "Old Age Poverty." And yet, millions of our citizens are being inflicted with another kind of poverty. We're referring, of course, to the great American Middle Class...working... paying bills and taxes...and somehow, just about making it through from payday to payday! They know—and you know—we all know that...

MIDDLE CLASS POVERTY IS...

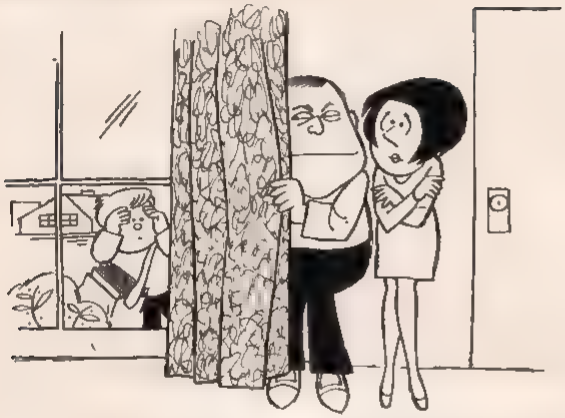
ARTIST & WRITER: LLOYD GOLA

MIDDLE CLASS POVERTY IS...

...encouraging your daughter and her fiancee to elope.

...having to wait to read the latest best seller until it comes out in paperback.

MIDDLE CLASS POVERTY IS...



...hiding inside your $30,000 house because you don't have the money to pay the paper boy.

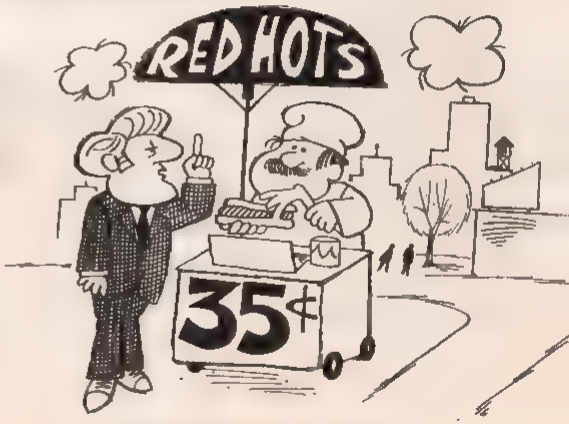
MIDDLE CLASS POVERTY IS...

...sitting all alone at the end of the bar so you won't have to buy a round for your friends.

MIDDLE CLASS POVERTY IS...

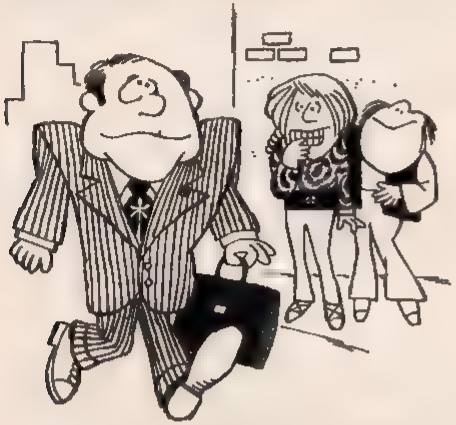
...having lunch with clients on your Company's expense account

MIDDLE CLASS POVERTY IS...



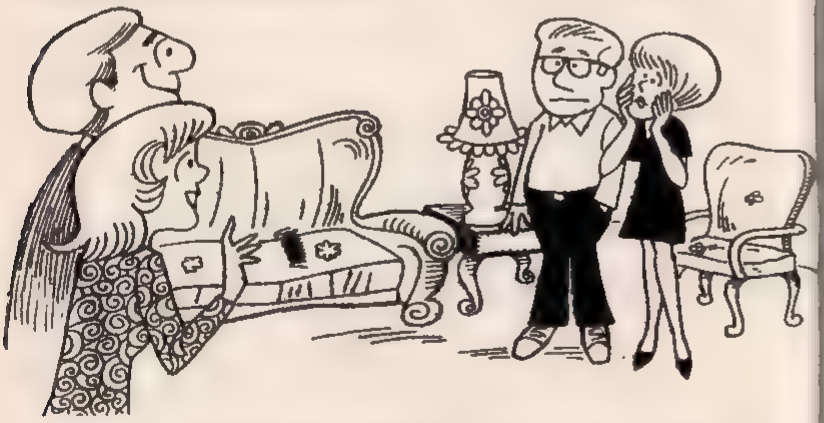
...and having lunch on your own.

MIDDLE CLASS POVERTY IS...



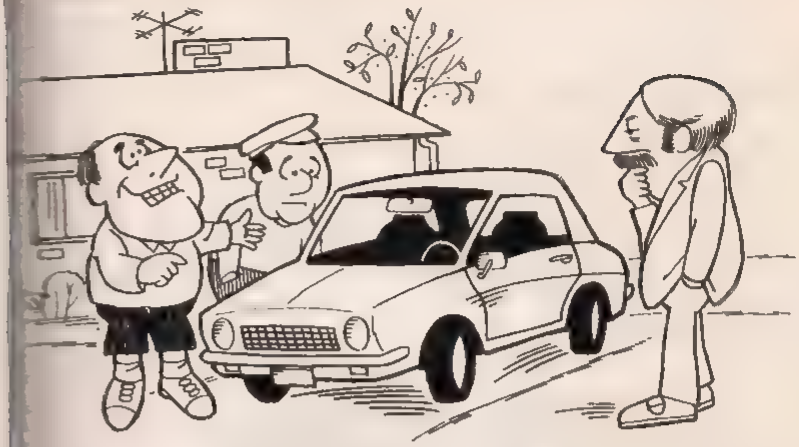
...wearing an old suit from 1948 and hoping it looks like the new mod style.

MIDDLE CLASS POVERTY IS...



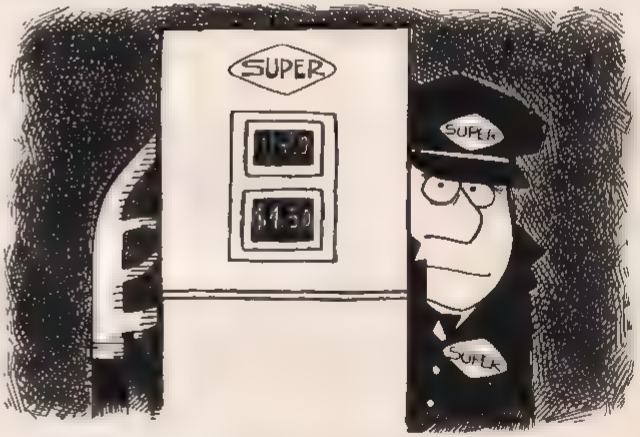
...receiving compliments from your friends on your antique furniture...and you never even knew you owned any antiques.

MIDDLE CLASS POVERTY IS...



...expounding the virtues of your new little economy car to your neighbors...when you actually were dying for a Cadillac.

MIDDLE CLASS POVERTY IS...



...getting a moonlighting job at your local gas station, and hoping none of your neighbors show up.

MIDDLE CLASS POVERTY IS...

...pouring a Brand-X Scotch into an empty fifth of the good stuff.

MIDDLE CLASS POVERTY IS...

...having to return something to the shelf at the Supermarket.

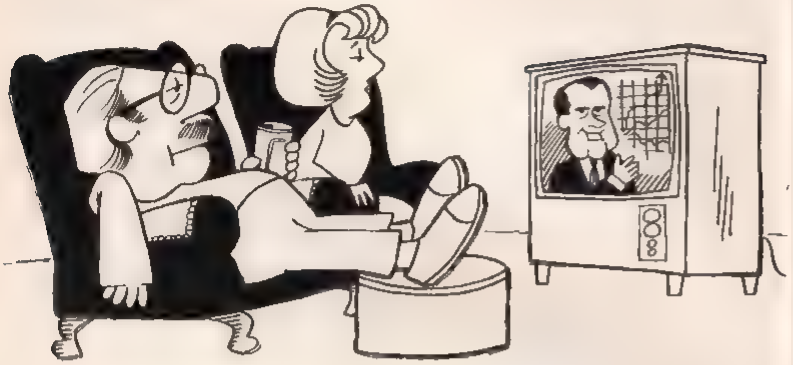
MIDDLE CLASS POVERTY IS...

...spending your vacation just relaxing at home.

MIDDLE CLASS POVERTY IS...

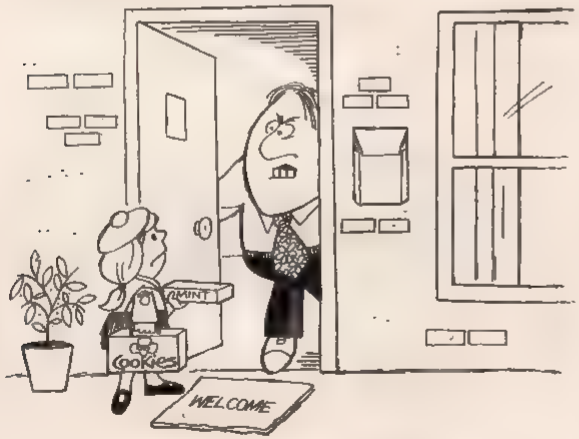
...discovering an expensive restaurant is not on the Diners' Club.

MIDDLE CLASS POVERTY IS...



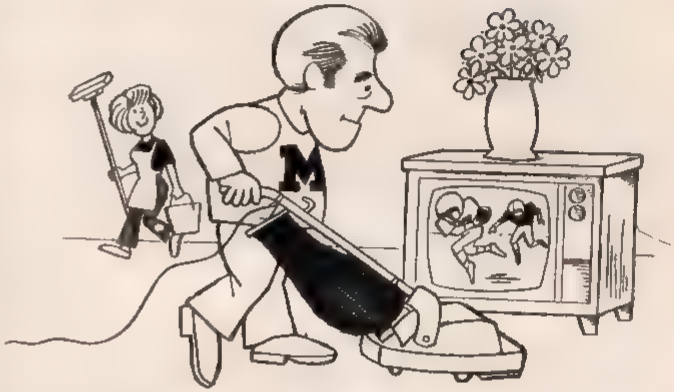
...watching the President on TV announcing that the recession is over...the same day you were canned.

MIDDLE CLASS POVERTY IS...



...having to say "No!" to a girl scout.

MIDDLE CLASS POVERTY IS...

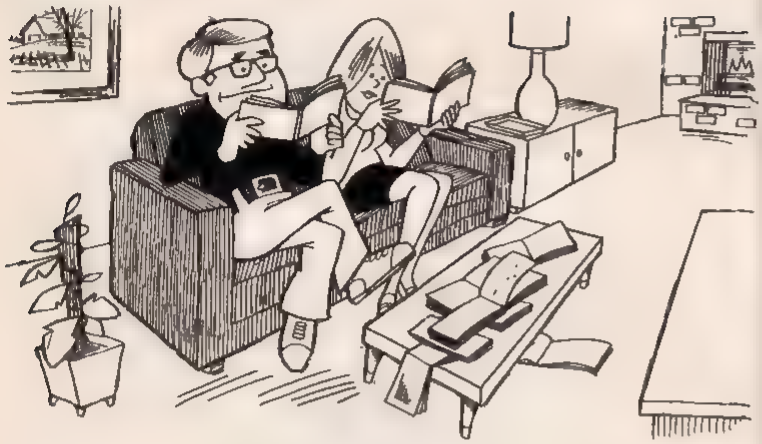


...helping your working wife clean the house on Saturday.

MIDDLE CLASS POVERTY IS...

...not being able to scream at your kid to get a haircut because you can't spare the three bucks.

MIDDLE CLASS POVERTY IS...

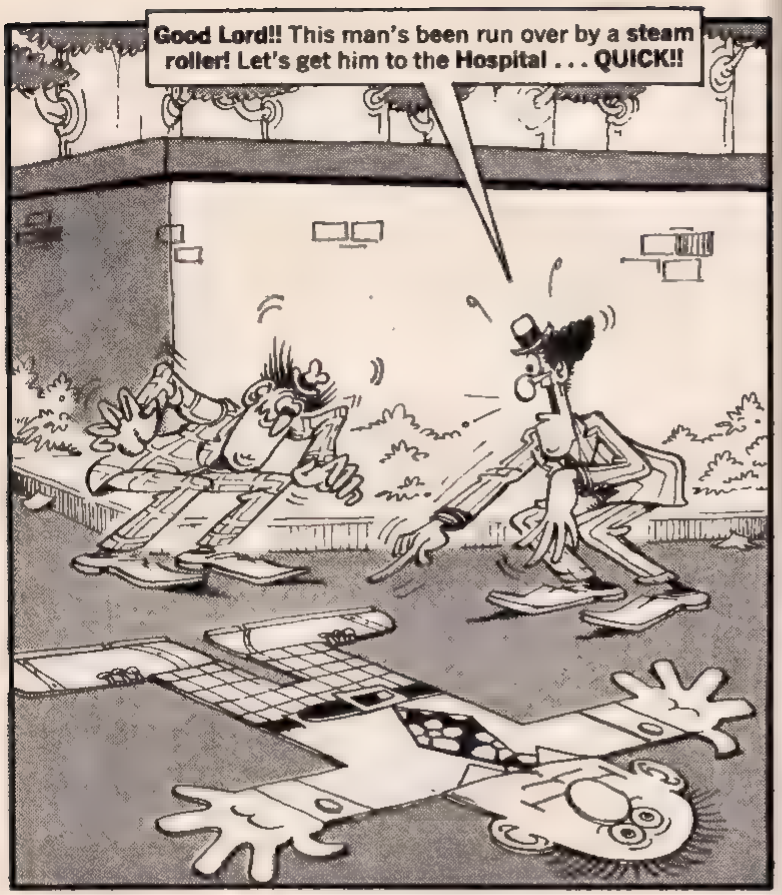


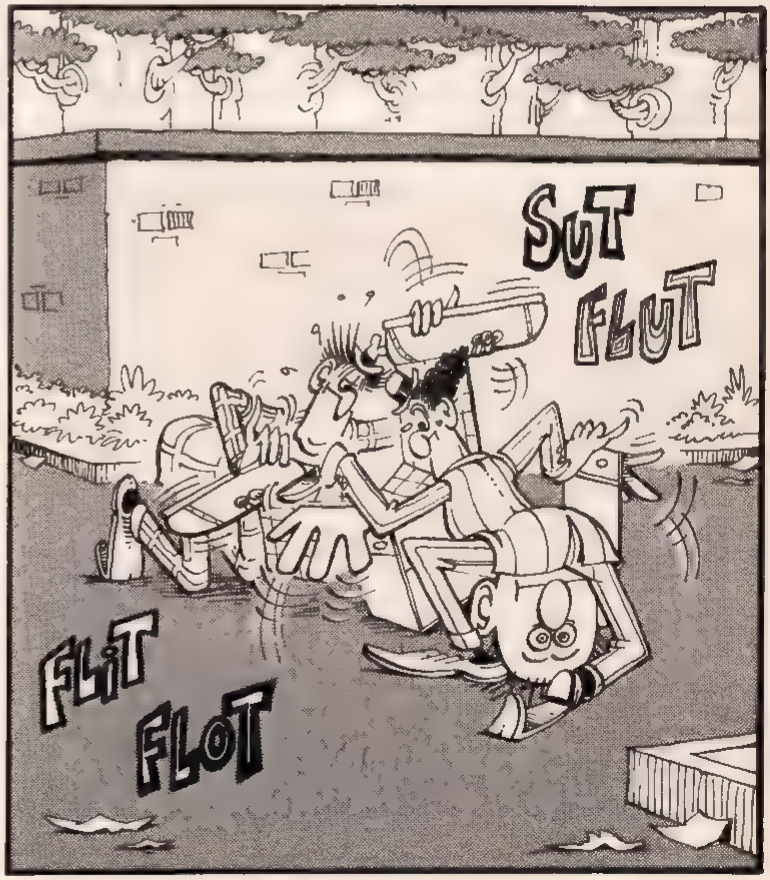
...spending a quiet evening at home reading your time payment books.

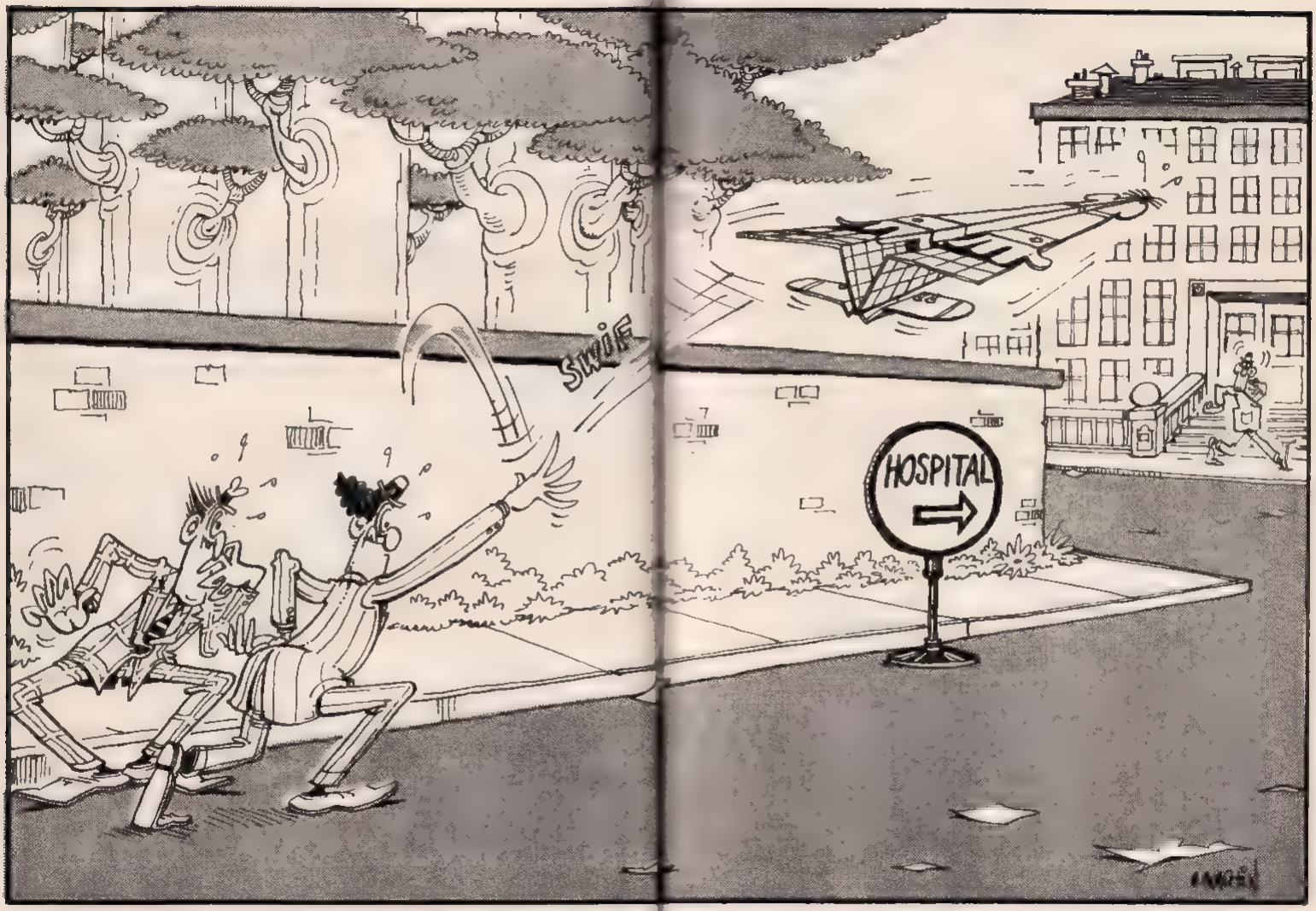
MIDDLE CLASS POVERTY IS...

...being a contributor to MAD Magazine.

ONE TUESDAY MORNING


Good Lord!! This man's been run over by a steam roller! Let's get him to the Hospital . . . QUICK!!


SUT
FLUT
FLIT
FLOT


SWIF
HOSPITAL

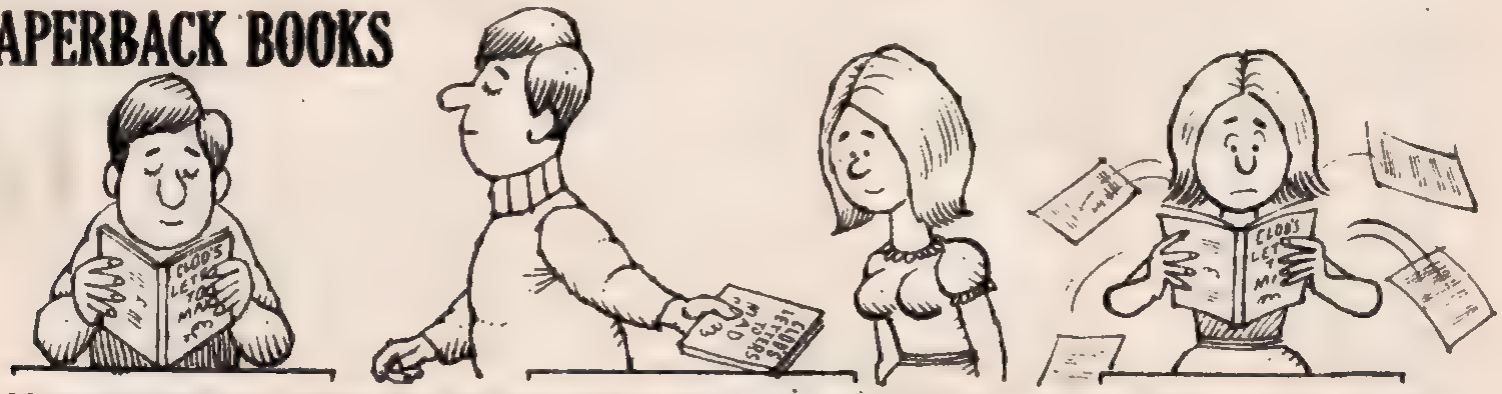
A WORSE MOUSETRAP DEPT.

The big corporations have always depended upon "Planned Obsolescence", the calculated rapid breakdown in acceptable design and performance of their products, to keep their coffers filled. Planned Obsolescence boosts sales and profits by insuring quick replacement of worn-out or outmoded items. Recently, consumer crusaders like Ralph Nader have been exposing the despicable practice of Planned Obsolescence in the automobile and appliance fields. But the use of Planned Obsolescence in less spectacular, but no less important products, that the average consumer cannot do without, has been totally ignored. And so, to fill the gap, here's a MAD report on

PLANNED OBSOLESCENCE IN EVERYDAY PRODUCTS

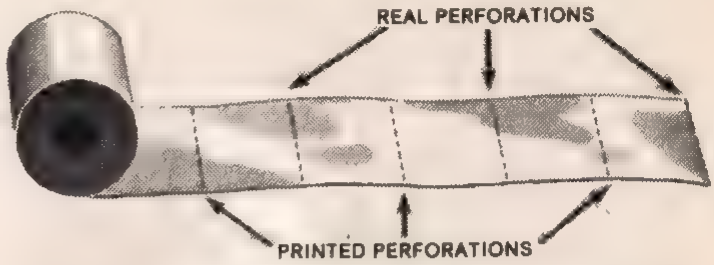
ARTIST & WRITER: AL JAFFEE

PAPERBACK BOOKS



Most paperback book publishers equip their products with special "one-use" bindings made from rigid-drying glue which limit books to one reader. When buyer first opens the book and turns the pages, binding is broken half-way. When book is closed, binding is broken rest of the way. The next time the book is opened, all the pages fall out.

TOILET PAPER

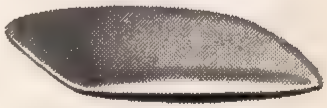


Careful examinations have disclosed that perforations alternate between real ones and phony ones. Phony ones are only printed on. Thus, when consumer gives normal yank, five feet of tissue cascades onto floor. Since consumer never suspects real reason,-he vows time and again to be more careful next time. Of course, tissue on floor is discarded...and roll goes fast that way.

SOAP

NEWLY UNWRAPPED

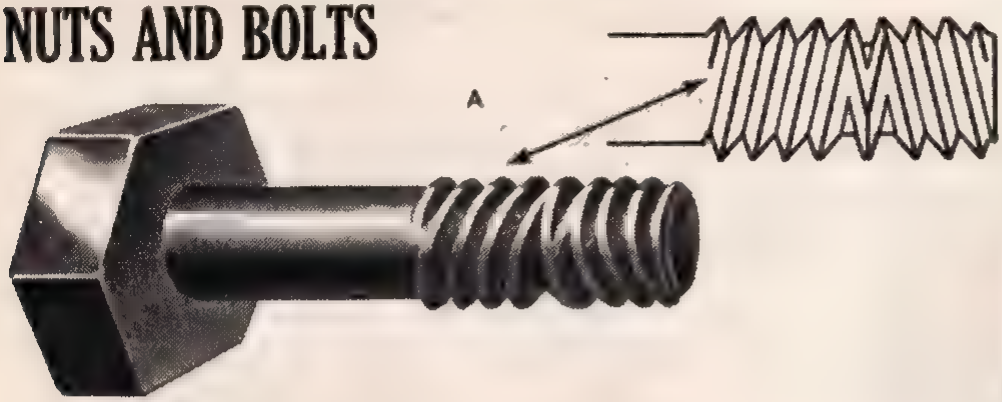
2 DAYS LATER



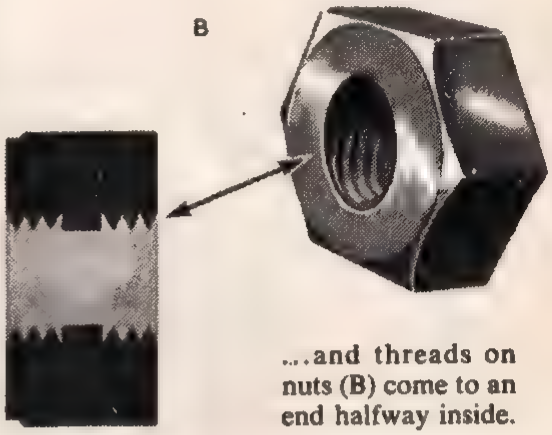
5 DAYS LATER

Most bars of soap will turn into slivers in about 5 days whether soap is used or not. This is due to presence of "fast evaporating soap compound"—located between normal outer crust and inner sliver—which is dissolved by air.

NUTS AND BOLTS



Many ordinary nuts and bolts are virtually useless. For example, threads on bolts (A) are manufactured so that they cannot work with any ordinary nuts...



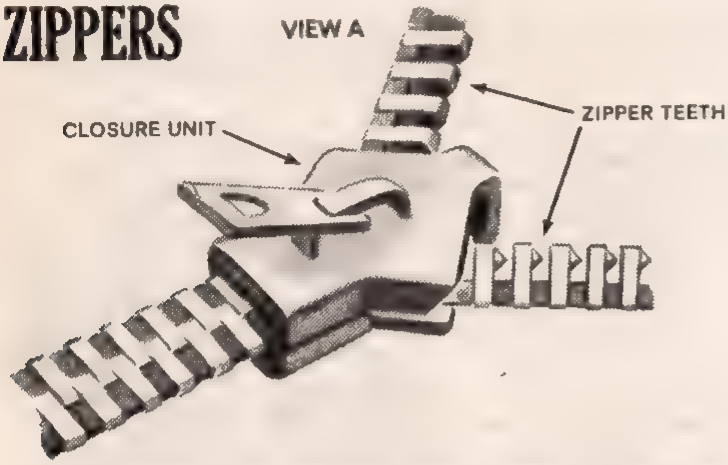
....and threads on nuts (B) come to an end halfway inside.

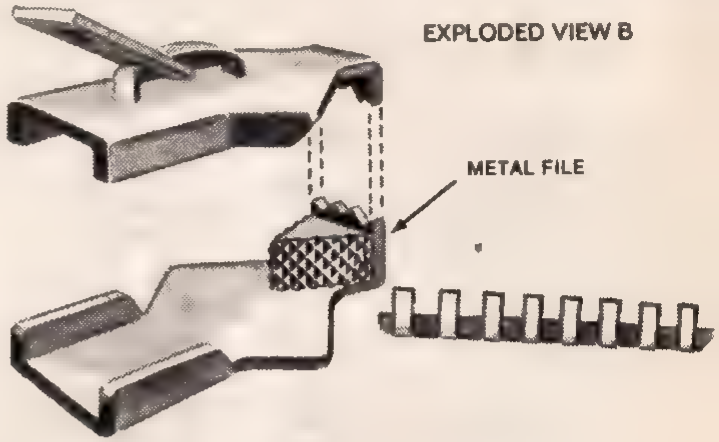
PENCILS

Investigation shows how lead is placed in many pencils today, and the kinds of points you get when you sharpen them.

Note that every other point is bad. As a result, when the consumer sharpens pencil, he keeps doing it until he gets a good point. Thus, he uses up this pencil twice as fast as a well-made one, and the sharpener is usually blamed.

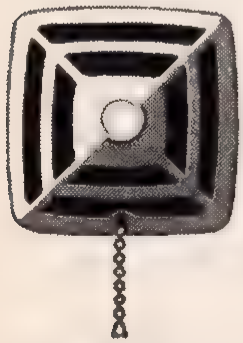
ZIPPERS





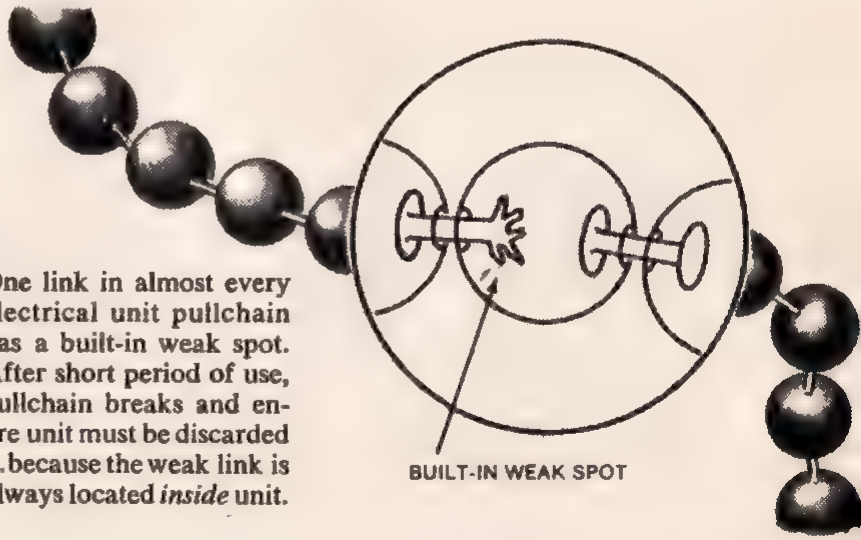
The zipper is so foolproof that it could be made to last forever. But what good would that be? So, as in exploded view (B) above, we see how a carefully placed metal file in every closure unit goes to work on the zipper teeth as it moves up and down over them, wearing them out quickly. This causes gapping, jamming and—best of all—*replacing!*

ELECTRICAL UNIT PULLCHAINS



EXHAUST FAN PULLCHAIN

LAMP SOCKET PULLCHAINS

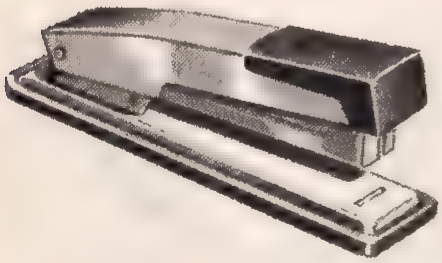


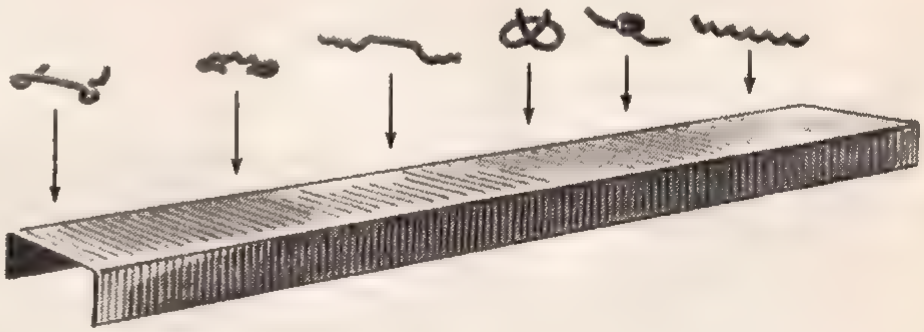
One link in almost every electrical unit pullchain has a built-in weak spot. After short period of use, pullchain breaks and entire unit must be discarded ...because the weak link is always located *inside* unit.

ADHESIVE TAPES

First three feet of most adhesive tapes are coated with the normal adhesive and unrolled easily. But after that, a special adhesive is used which has been designed to stick best to tape itself. This makes it virtually impossible to remove more than one inch of tape at a time, and the disgusted consumer, thinking it's just old, buys new roll.

STAPLES

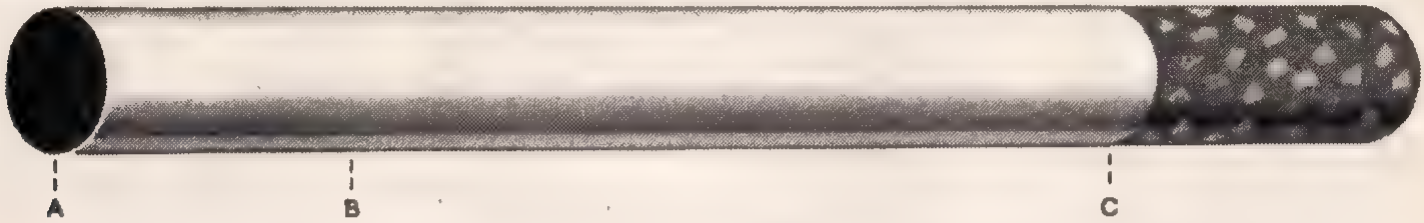




Most bars of staples look perfectly innocent. But every third staple is actually made of soft, inferior wire that can't penetrate even one sheet of paper. It simply turns into one of the grotesque shapes shown and is discarded.

CIGARETTES

Most new long cigarettes actually burn down more quickly than old shorter types, thanks to specially-developed tobacco.



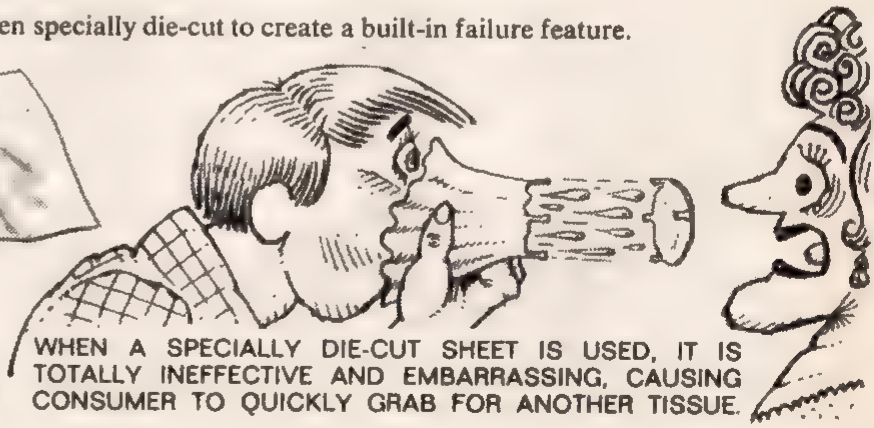
TOBACCO BETWEEN "A" AND "B" IS REGULAR SLOW-BURNING KIND

TOBACCO BETWEEN "B" AND "C" IS SPECIALLY-DEVELOPED NEW TYPE (IMPREGNATED WITH PARTICLES OF GUN POWDER) WHICH BURNS DOWN IN A SPLIT SECOND SO CONSUMER QUICKLY LIGHTS UP ANOTHER ONE.

FACIAL TISSUES

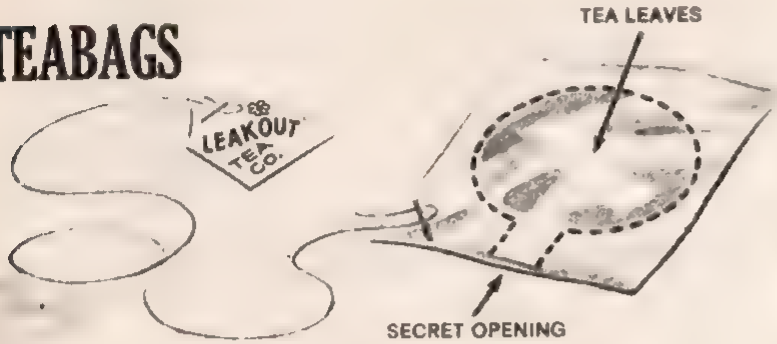
Alternate sheets of many brands of facial tissues have been specially die-cut to create a built-in failure feature.

CENTER SECTIONS OF ALTERNATE FACIAL TISSUE SHEETS ARE HELD IN PLACE BY FOUR TINY FIBERS.



WHEN A SPECIALLY DIE-CUT SHEET IS USED, IT IS TOTALLY INEFFECTIVE AND EMBARRASSING, CAUSING CONSUMER TO QUICKLY GRAB FOR ANOTHER TISSUE.

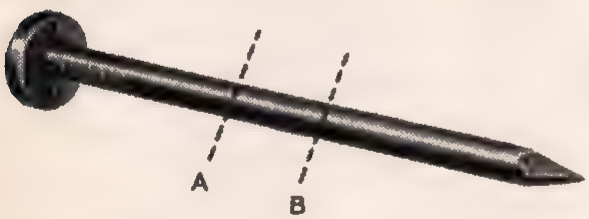
TEABAGS

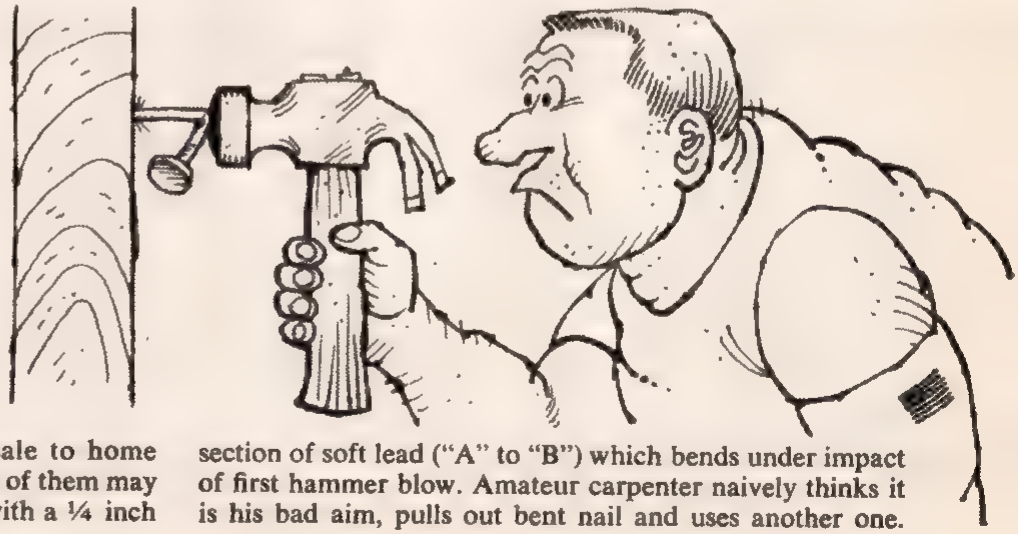


Many teabags are made with secret openings that are cleverly concealed to prevent discovery by inspection. These openings are sealed with a non-toxic glue that dissolves in hot water.

When secret opening is unsealed, tea leaves escape into the water, and unwary consumer is forced to dump it out and start all over with a new tea bag.

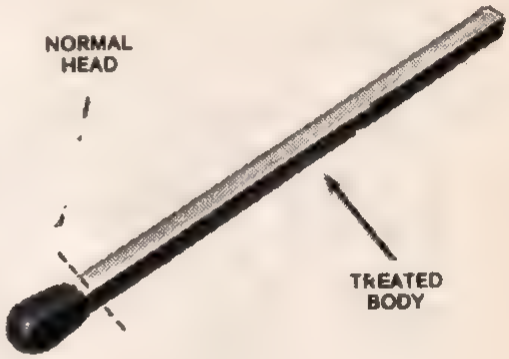
NAILS





A close scrutiny of the nails offered for sale to home workshop buffs reveals that a high percentage of them may look normal but are actually manufactured with a ¼ inch section of soft lead ("A" to "B") which bends under impact of first hammer blow. Amateur carpenter naively thinks it is his bad aim, pulls out bent nail and uses another one.

MATCHES



Many matches when struck, spark, sputter and then go out. User thinks match is wet and takes another one! Actually, match has been treated with a flameproof chemical! A box of 50% bad matches like these gets used up mighty fast.

PLAYING CARDS

It's a well-known fact that one bad card ruins an entire deck. That is why many card manufacturers place invisible cut-lines on corners of one or two cards in each deck. Corners break off after a few short hours of play. Card players attribute breaks to clumsy oaf partners and innocently go out and buy new decks.

SCREWDRIVERS

Today, many screwdrivers are made with a soft lead tip so it looks like it has a clean, square edge before use. But after one use, tip ends up looking like rounded fingernail ...and is about equally as effective for driving screws.

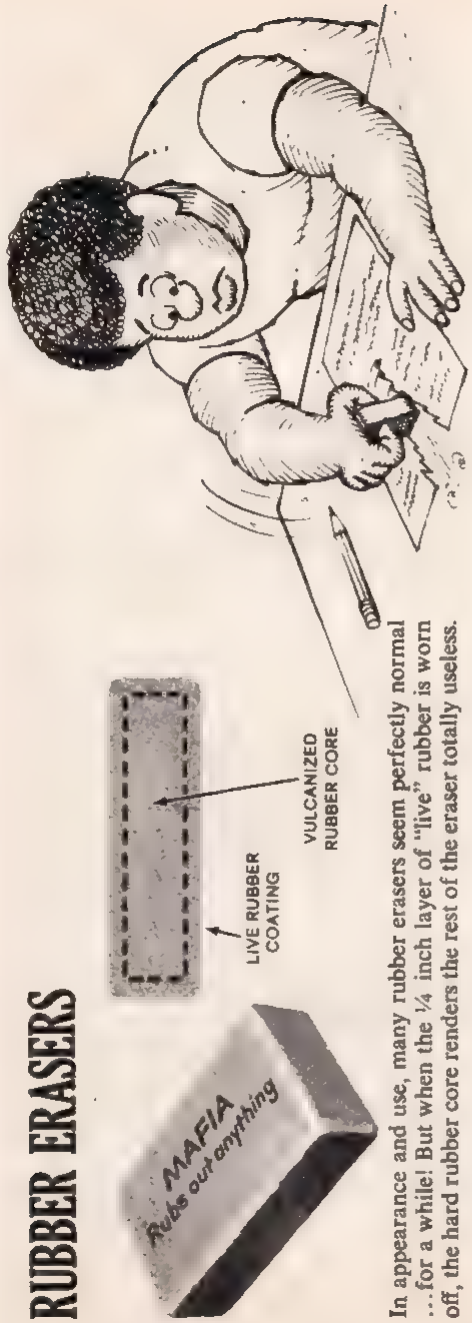
SANDPAPER

ENLARGED CROSS-SECTION OF NORMAL SANDPAPER AFTER TEN MINUTES USE

ENLARGED CROSS-SECTION OF PLASTIC SANDPAPER AFTER TEN MINUTES USE

Normal sandpaper is made with tiny particles of ordinary sand which has sharp cutting edges that last a reasonable time. Many companies are turning out sandpaper made with tiny particles of simulated sand (plastic) which wears flat in no time. Buyer must replace it or wear himself down faster than he'll ever wear down what he's sanding.

RUBBER ERASERS



In appearance and use, many rubber erasers seem perfectly normal ...for a while! But when the ¼ inch layer of "live" rubber is worn off, the hard rubber core renders the rest of the eraser totally useless.

INSECT ASIDES DEPT.

MAD "BUGS" THE INSECT WORLD

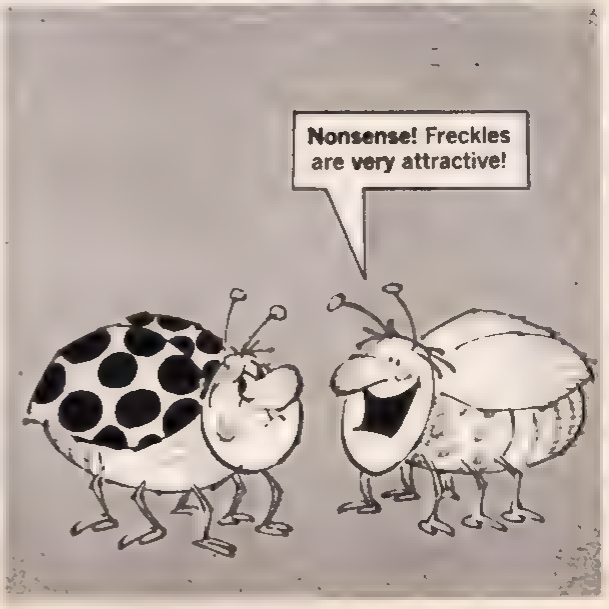
ARTIST: PAUL COKER, JR.
WRITER: PAUL PETER PORGES

COCKROACHES

BLACK WIDOW SPIDERS

SOLDIER ANTS

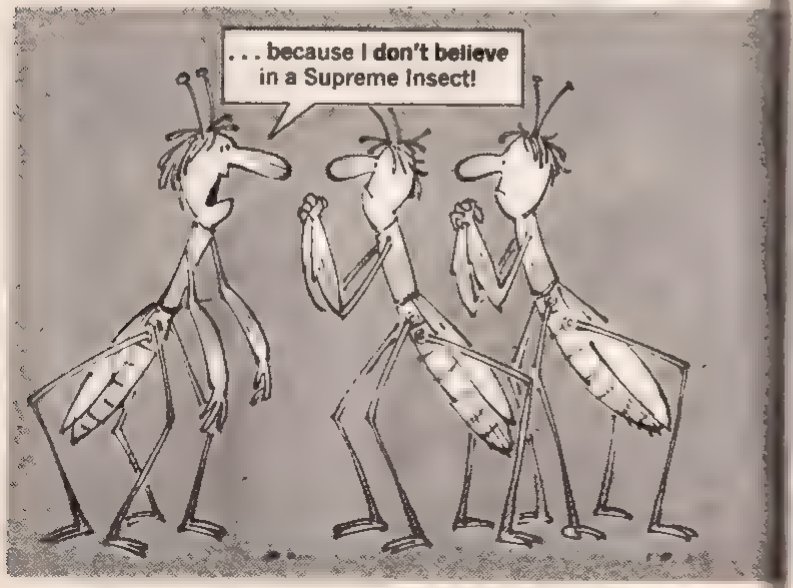
LADY BUGS



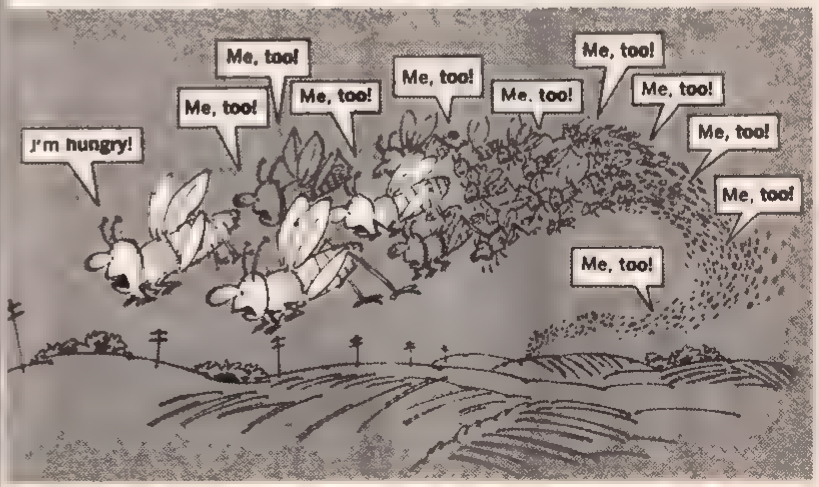
BUTTERFLIES

HONEY BEES

PRAYING MANTISES

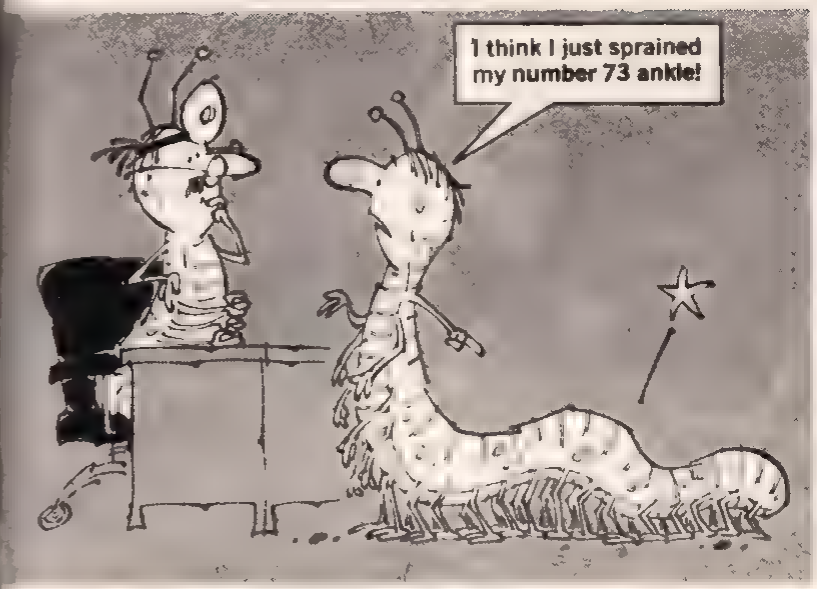


LOCUSTS

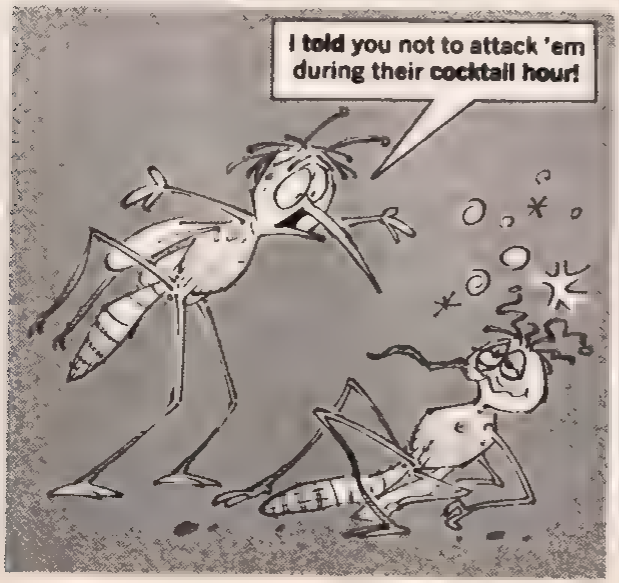


FIREFLIES

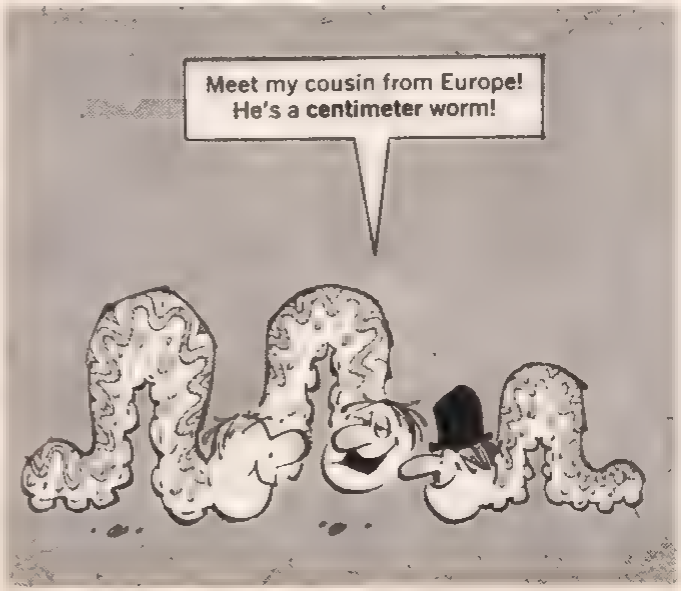
CENTIPEDES



MOSQUITOES

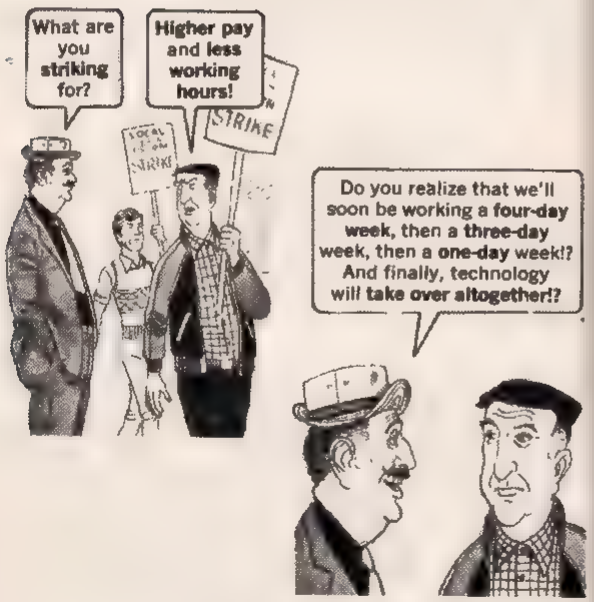


INCHWORMS

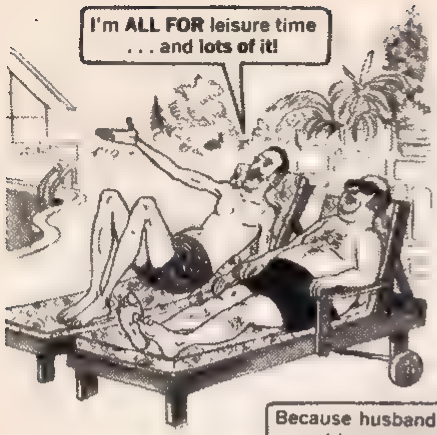


THE LIGHTER SIDE OF...

LEISURE TIME



ARTIST & WRITER: DAVE BERG


I'm **ALL FOR** leisure time . . . and **lots of it!**

Because husbands and wives get to **see more** of each other, get to **know** each other **better**, and get to know **other** people better!

And that's good for **my business!**
What **IS** your business?

I'm a **DIVORCE LAWYER!!**

Every night, you just **sit** around the **house!** Why don't you go out and **DO** something?!?
I'd **love** to . . . but I'm afraid of the **MUGGERS** out there!

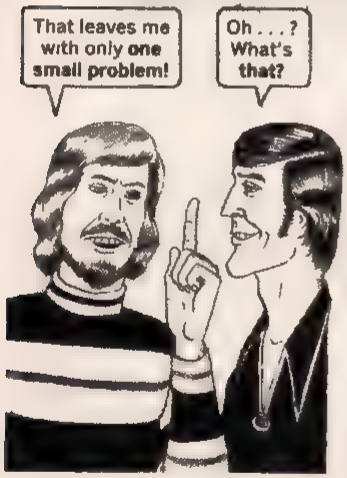
Why don't you learn the art of **self-defense?** Why don't you take **Karate** lessons?!
Hey, I **like** that! Then, if a mugger comes at me, I'll give him a **chop** . . . and toss him over my shoulder into **tomorrow!**

When do they **hold** these Karate classes?
Every **Tuesday** and **Thursday night!**

Forget it! I'd be **afraid** to **walk** to **class!**

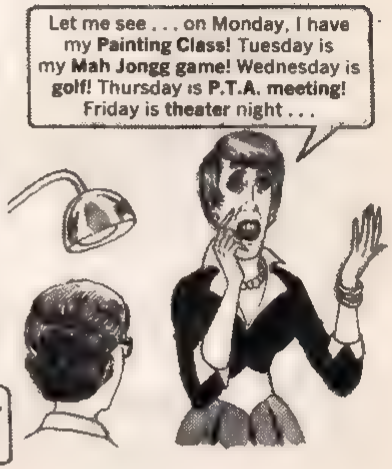
Whoopie!! Another week-end!
Yeah!! Ain't that great!!

I've got Saturday planned down to the minute! Golf in the morning, a visit to an old Army buddy in the afternoon, and a date for dinner and a show at night!


That leaves me with only one small problem!
Oh . . . ? What's that?

SUNDAY!

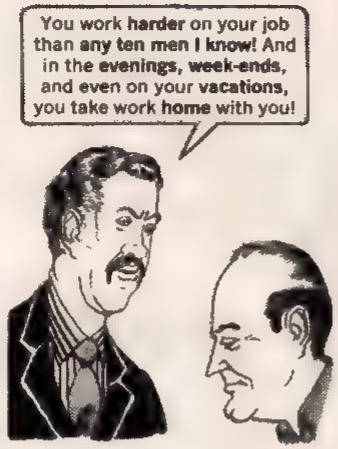
It says here that never before in History has there been a civilization with more leisure time, and the means to enjoy it!
Is that what it says?


Let me see . . . on Monday, I have my Painting Class! Tuesday is my Mah Jongg game! Wednesday is golf! Thursday is P.T.A. meeting! Friday is theater night . . .

. . . and on week-ends, we're at the house on Candlewood Lake . . .

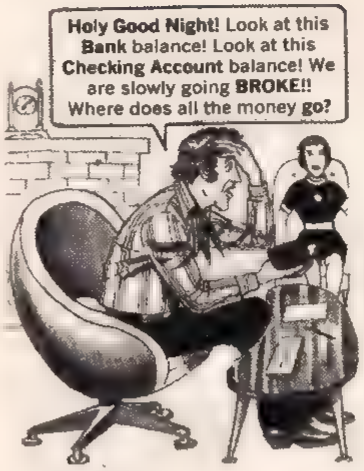
WITH ALL THAT TO DO . . . WHO'S GOT TIME FOR LEISURE?!

My God! Are you still working?!?
I like to work!


You work harder on your job than any ten men I know! And in the evenings, week-ends, and even on your vacations, you take work home with you!

Why can't you learn to relax! You should take up a hobby!
A HOBBY?!? Naw . . . I couldn't do that!

I'm too lazy to work on a hobby!


Holy Good Night! Look at this Bank balance! Look at this Checking Account balance! We are slowly going BROKE!! Where does all the money go?

I'll tell you where it goes! Shorter working hours, long week-ends, holidays, and a three week vacation each year!

You mean, leisure time is expensive!?
You bet it is! So what can you do about it?!

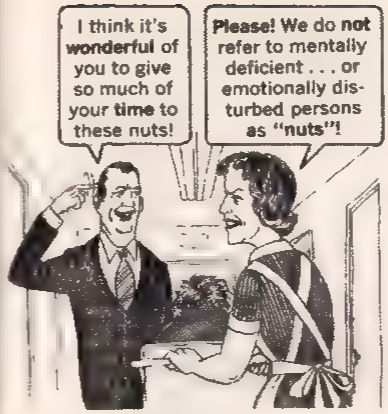
Well, I'll just have to take a second job to pay for all my leisure time!

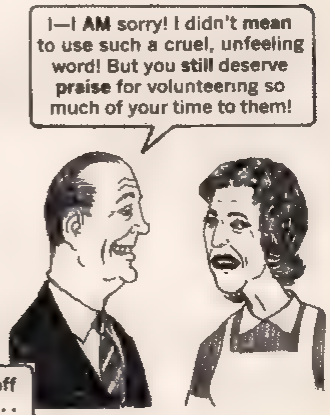
Hello, **Lady of Leisure!** What are you doing with all your **free time?**
Some Lady of Leisure! **Some** free time! I'm **busier NOW** than I've **ever** been in my **life!**

But they say **Mothers** who marry off **daughters** have **more** free time than **anybody!**
I'd like to know who **THEY** are who **SAY** all these dumb things?!?

Because all of **MY "married-off" daughters are OFF MARRIAGE!!**

And they've all come **back** to **Mother** . . . to live with her!!


I think it's **wonderful** of you to give so much of your **time** to these nuts!
Please! We do **not** refer to mentally deficient . . . or emotionally disturbed persons as **"nuts"!**


I—I **AM** sorry! I didn't **mean** to use such a cruel, unfeeling word! But you **still** deserve **praise** for volunteering so much of your time to them!

Well, my **children** are off to **college** or **married** . . . which leaves me a lot of **free time!** So if I **didn't** do something like this . . .

. . . I'D GO **NUTS!!**

Hoo-boy, did I have a tough day!
Oh, you poor Dear!

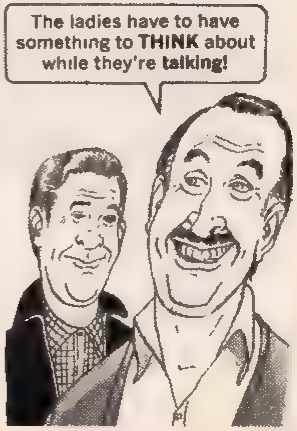
That partner of mine really let me down! He was no help at all! Then there was the trouble with the rackets! And the courts . . . you know how jammed up they are . . . !

It's impossible to get into the swing of things and do well with all that pressure! I sweated like a pig today!
You poor Darling . . . !

TENNIS IS A TOUGH GAME!

I see you've got a "Hen Party" going on in your house! All they do is talk, talk, talk!
Yeah! And did you notice! They're all doing NEEDLE POINT! It's come back as a new popular craze!

I noticed! I wonder how that happened?
The way I figure it . . .


The ladies have to have something to THINK about while they're talking!

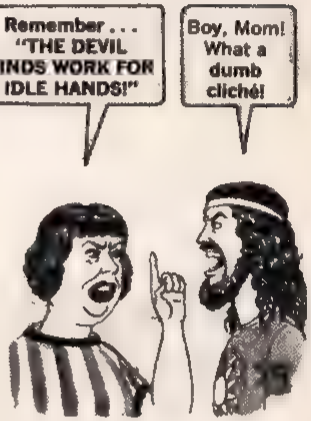
The TV set is on the blink! I'll call the Repair Man!
Don't call the Repair Man! You know how much he charges! I'll do it myself!!

Let me call the Repair Man!?
Don't call the Repair Man! This is the age of leisure time! This is the age of "Do-It-Yourself"! So I'll DO IT MYSELF!!

Let me call the Repair Man!
This is also the age of highly complicated technology! Look at all those transistors and wires! Don't call the Repair Man . . .

I'LL DO IT MYSELF!

So you quit school and you won't go to work! I tell you, no good will come of this!
Here we go again!


Remember . . . "THE DEVIL FINDS WORK FOR IDLE HANDS!"
Boy, Mom! What a dumb cliché!

Now . . . will you get off my back?! My friends are waiting for me in my room!

Welcome home, girls! How was your cross-country trailer tour?
No sweat, Mom!

We crossed the great plains—no traffic! We drove through the Western deserts with the air conditioner on—no heat! We climbed up and down the Rockies—no snow! We followed the Pacific Palisades—no mist!

Then . . . you girls had a GREAT TIME!
No . . . we had a ROTTEN TIME . . . !

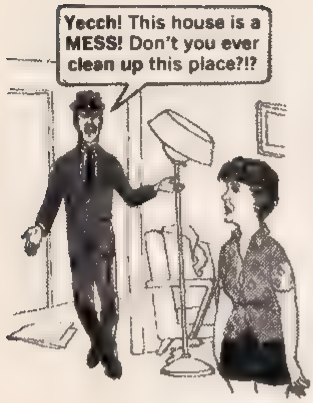
NO FELLAS!!

What's with Nick? He's just sitting there . . . staring at a blank TV set . . . with tears in his eyes!
He's had a terrible shock . . . a shattering, traumatic experience!

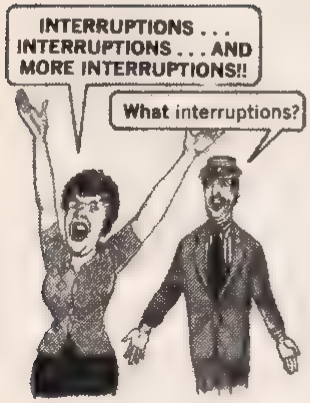
For months, he was a happy, enthusiastic, involved man! He looked forward to the week-ends and certain days during the week! His life had joy and real meaning!

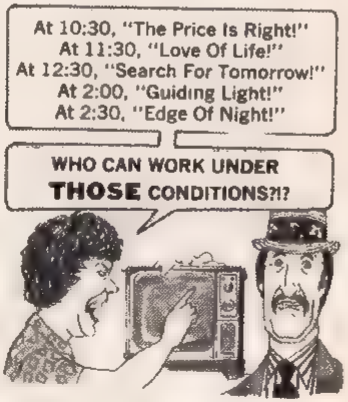
Then, suddenly it HAPPENED!!
WHAT happened??

The Football Season ended!


Yecch! This house is a MESS! Don't you ever clean up this place?!?

Sure! It's easy for YOU to say! You work in a regulated office! But do you have any idea what an undisciplined housewife has to put up with while she's trying to get her work done? I'll tell you!

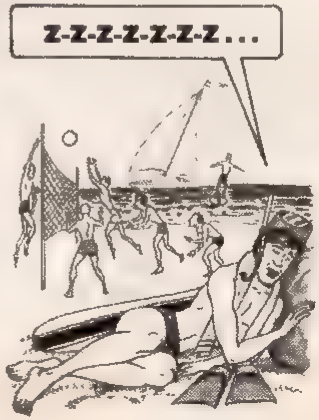

INTERRUPTIONS . . . INTERRUPTIONS . . . AND MORE INTERRUPTIONS!!
What interruptions?

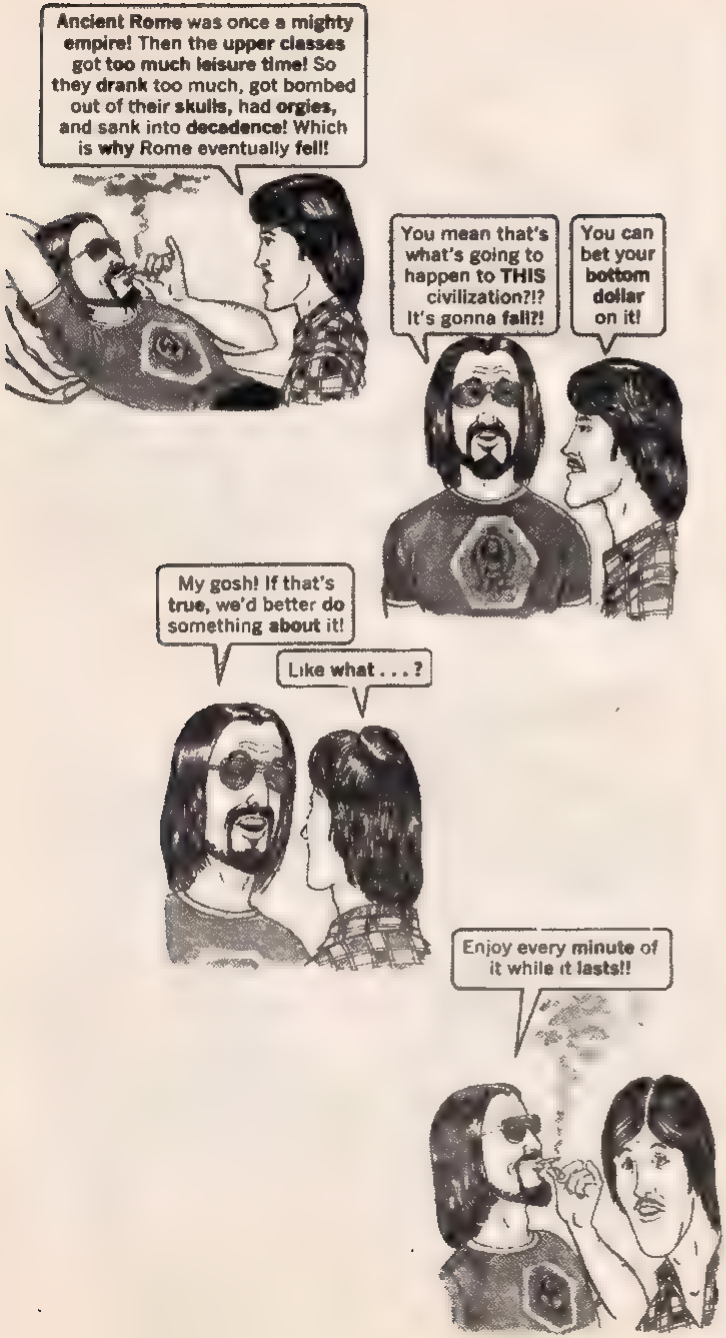

At 10:30, "The Price Is Right!"
At 11:30, "Love Of Life!"
At 12:30, "Search For Tomorrow!"
At 2:00, "Guiding Light!"
At 2:30, "Edge Of Night!"
WHO CAN WORK UNDER THOSE CONDITIONS?!?

Is that all you're going to do on your vacation . . . ? SLEEP . . . ?!?
Huh . . . ? Uh—what ELSE is there to do?

The beach is close by! You can swim, go surfing, scuba dive, snorkel, fish, sail, play volley ball . . . do a hundred interesting things!
I guess you're right!

Beach

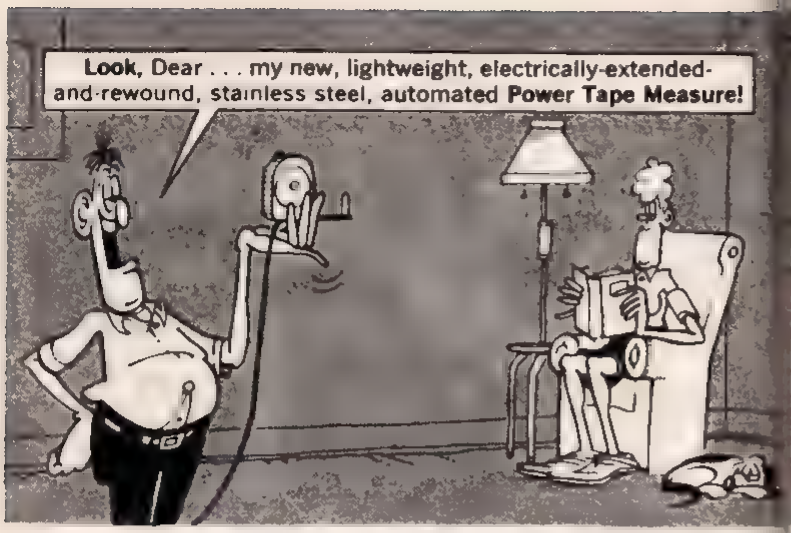

Z-Z-Z-Z-Z-Z-Z . . .

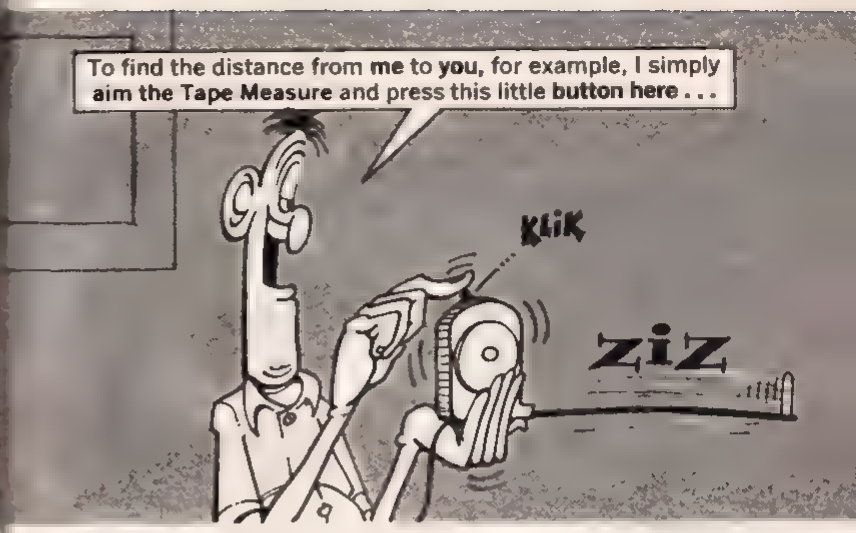


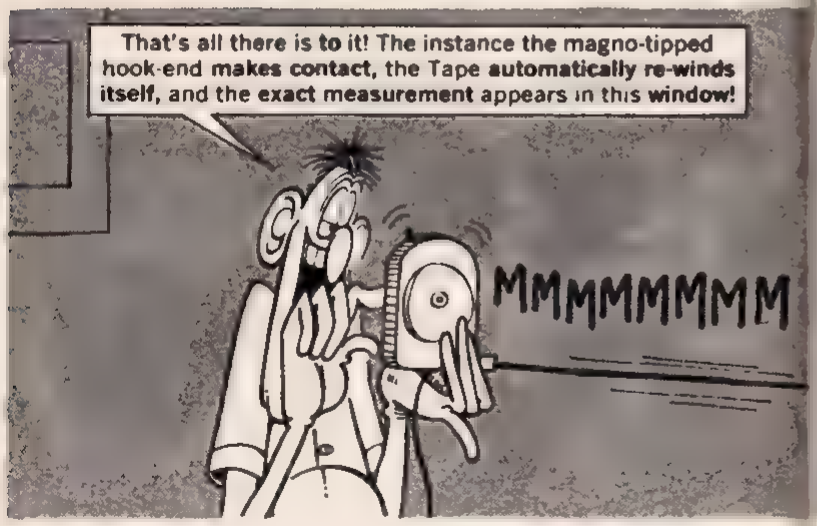
DON MARTIN'S PERSONAL EXPERIENCES WITH . . .

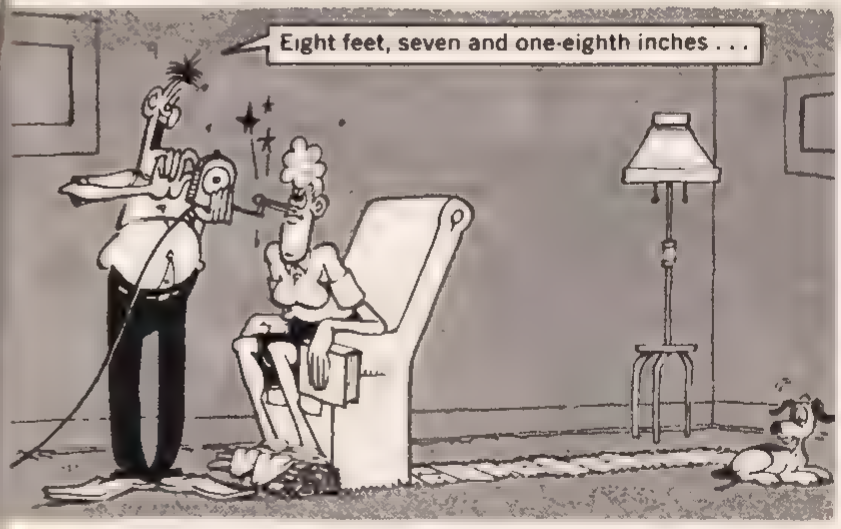
NEW POWER TOOLS

FOR THE HOME CRAFTSMAN

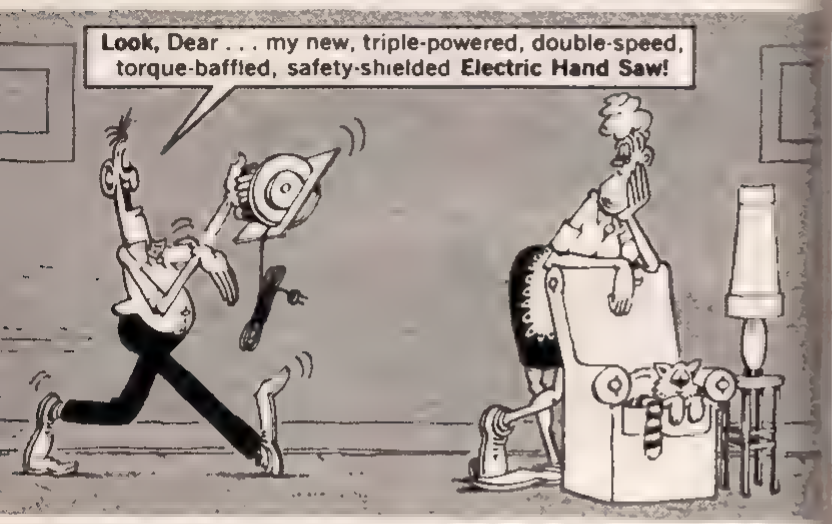

Look, Dear . . . my new, lightweight, electrically-extended-and-rewound, stainless steel, automated Power Tape Measure!


To find the distance from me to you, for example, I simply aim the Tape Measure and press this little button here . . .
KLIK
ZIZ

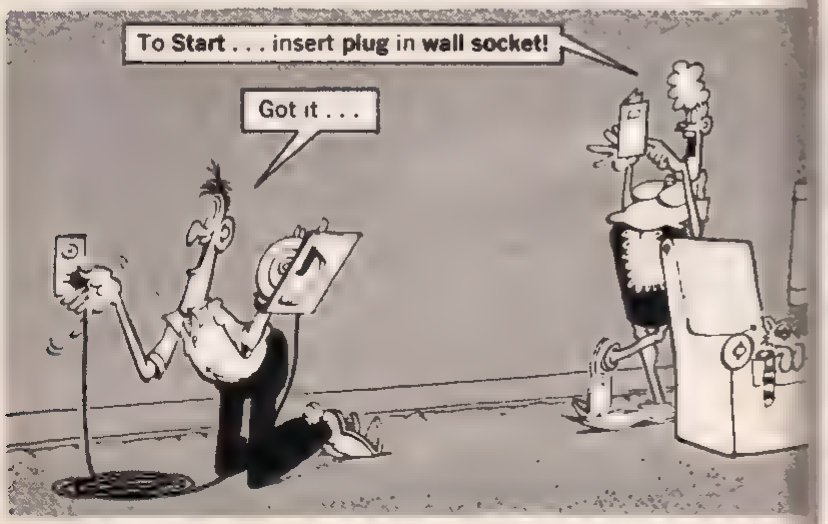

That's all there is to it! The instance the magno-tipped hook-end makes contact, the Tape automatically re-winds itself, and the exact measurement appears in this window!
MMMMMMMM

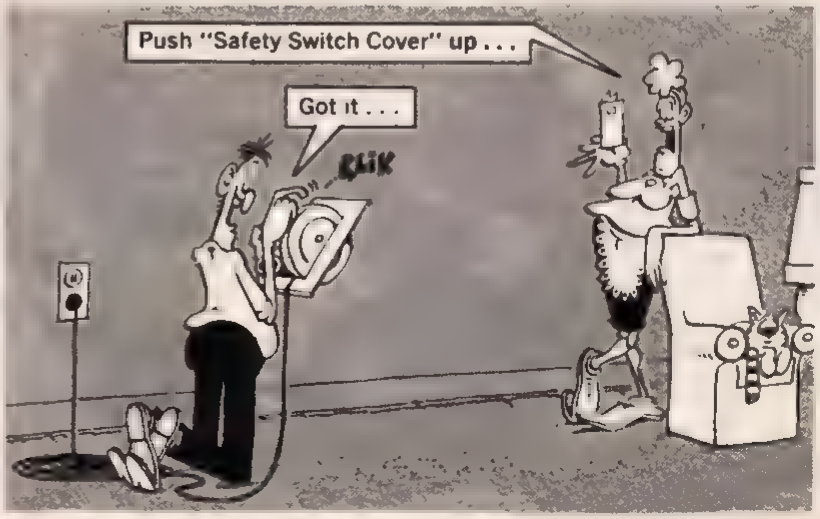

Eight feet, seven and one-eighth inches . . .

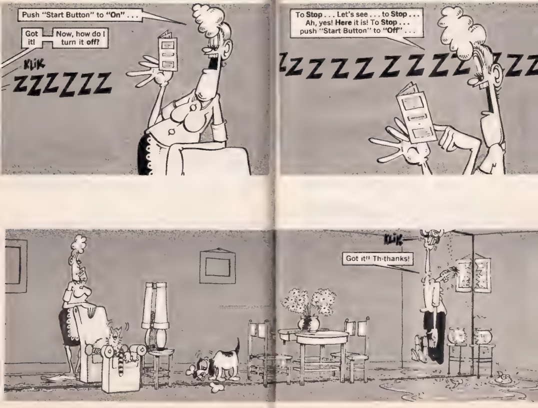
1
2
3
4
5
6
7
8

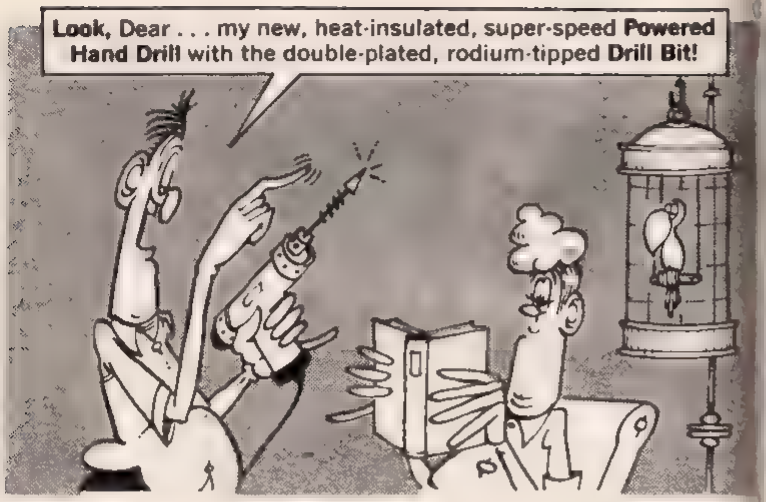

Look, Dear . . . my new, triple-powered, double-speed, torque-baffled, safety-shielded Electric Hand Saw!

Here! You read the directions to me . . . and I'll see if it works!

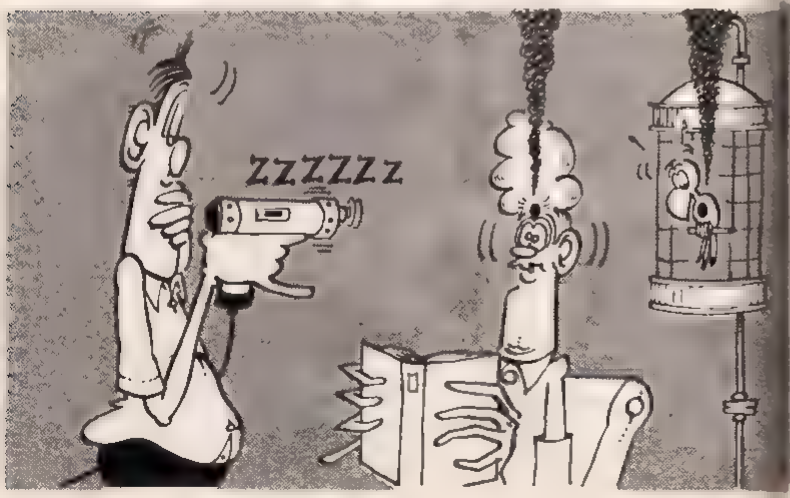

To Start . . . insert plug in wall socket!
Got it . . .


Push "Safety Switch Cover" up . . .
Got it . . .
CLIK

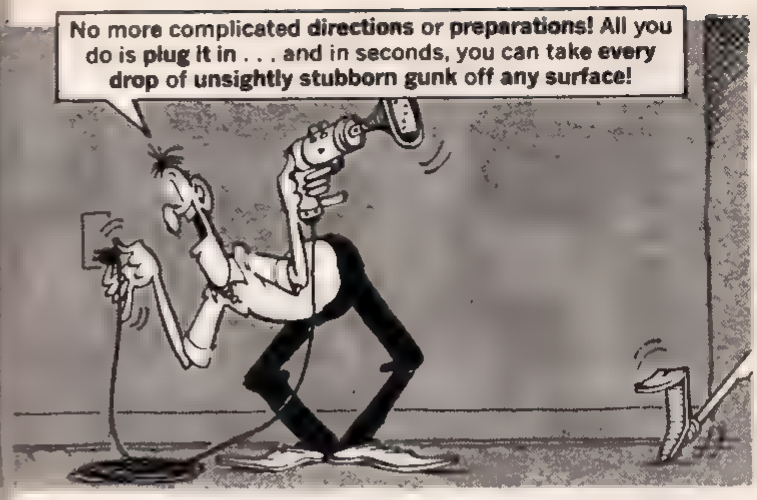

Push "Start Button" to "On" . . .
Got it!
Now, how do I turn it off?
KLIK
ZZZZZZ
To Stop . . . Let's see . . . to Stop . . . Ah, yes! Here it is! To Stop . . . push "Start Button" to "Off" . . .
Got it!! Th-thanks!

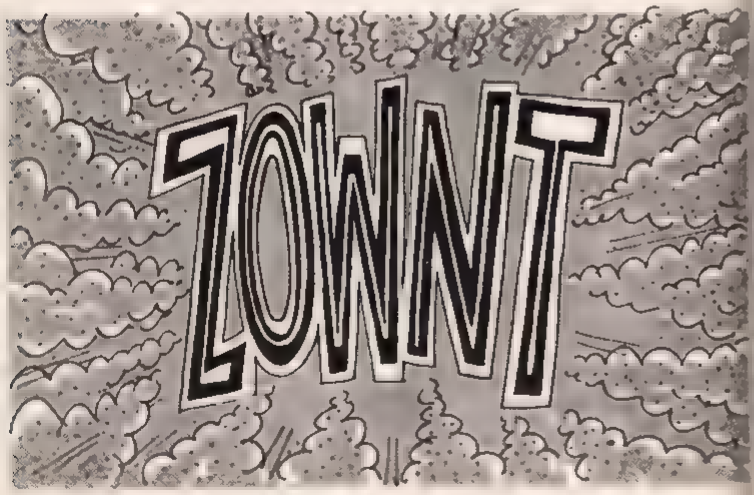

Look, Dear . . . my new, heat-insulated, super-speed **Powered Hand Drill** with the double-plated, rodium-tipped **Drill Bit!**

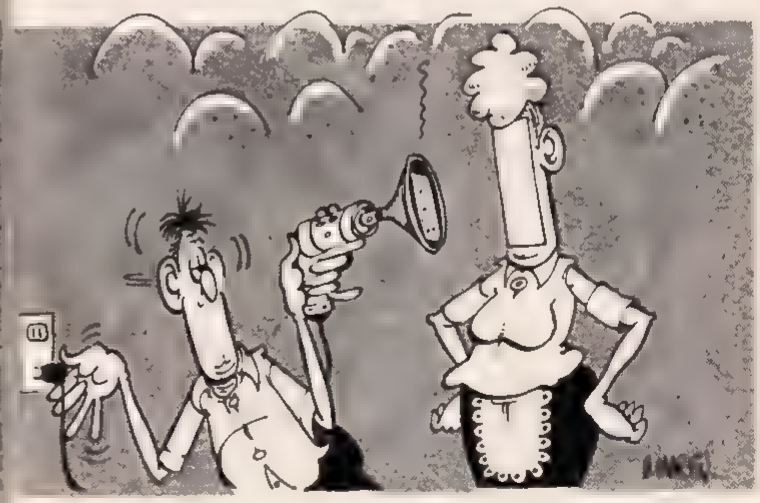
Just a quick flip of the finger-tip switch . . . and I can **drill through anything!!**
KLiK
ZZZZZ


ZZZZZZ

Look, Dear . . . my new, lightweight, double-zapped, combination high-speed Vacuum and Power Sander!!


No more complicated directions or preparations! All you do is plug it in . . . and in seconds, you can take every drop of unsightly stubborn gunk off any surface!


ZOWNT



TO TELLY TRUTH DEPT.

HOW COME ON TV...?

ARTIST: JACK RICKARD
WRITER: PAUL PETER PORGES

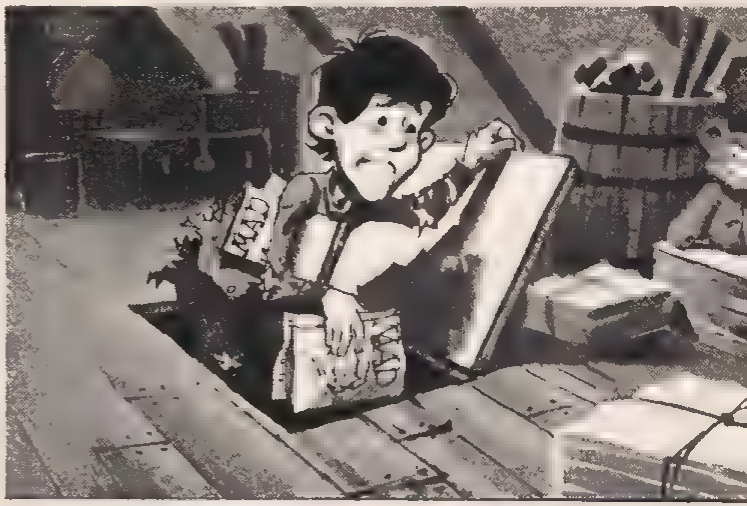
HOW COME ON TV, the sexy, gorgeous girl usually talks to the fellow first, and she always invites him up to her apartment for a home-cooked meal...or a drink...or...

BUT WHEN YOU make just one sly, witty remark to some ugly girl on the street, she immediately screams for the cops and has you arrested for making a lewd suggestion!

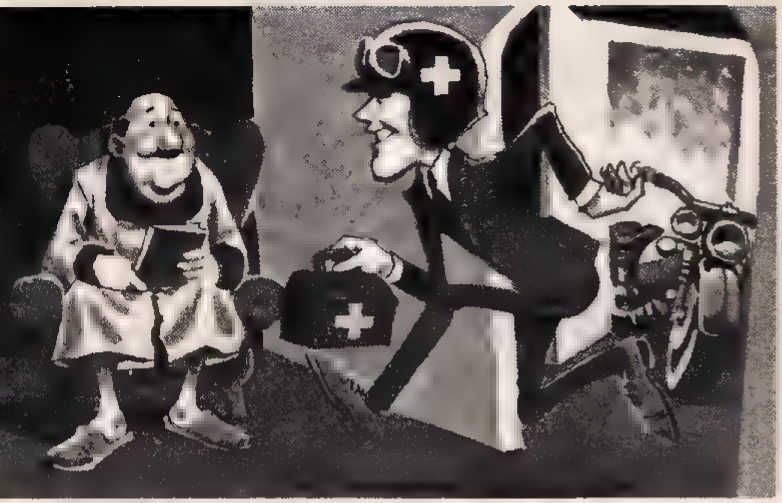
HOW COME ON TV, when a cook prepares a French gourmet meal of Duck a l'Orange with stuffed mushroom caps and Crêpes Suzette, there's never a dirty dish in sight...

BUT WHEN YOU fix yourself a simple snack of ham and eggs, there isn't a clean dish or pot left in the house and the kitchen looks like a hurricane blew through it!

HOW COME ON TV, when the hero is kept prisoner in the bilge of a herring boat for a week and then saves himself by swimming through a two-mile oil slick, he always comes out with his suit looking like it's just been dry cleaned,



BUT WHEN YOU just go up into the attic for ten minutes to look for a back copy of The National Geographic, you always come down needing a shower and a complete change of clothes, and your Mother has mending to do for a week!



HOW COME ON TV, when a patient has the sniffles, the TV Doctor jumps on his motorcycle and roars right over in the middle of the night because he's really concerned,

BUT WHEN YOU run a fever of 105°, his Service tells you to come in the next morning because she can't disturb the doctor *NOW*... and he never makes house calls anyway!

HOW COME ON TV, parents always have lots of time to be with their kids and do things together, and it seems like Dad's never at the office and Mom's never doing housework,

BUT WHEN YOU want to talk to your old man, he's always filling out his Income Tax or paying bills or worse, and Mom has a headache and always wants to go out for dinner!

HOW COME ON TV, private-eye heroes always find parking places right in front of where they have to go, and they never take the car keys, and they always leave things like cameras and guns and valuables in the glove compartment,

BUT WHEN YOU drive downtown, it takes you over forty minutes to finally find a parking place five blocks from where you have to go, and if you're not back in fifteen seconds, you find your car's been stripped and ticketed!

HOW COME ON TV, when a cowboy or private-eye gets into a kicking, gouging and punching fight, he always emerges without a scratch and with all his dazzling teeth intact,

BUT WHEN YOU merely get involved in a friendly argument with the neighborhood bully, you end up with two teeth missing, a nose-bleed, and a black eye that lasts for a month!

HOW COME ON TV, commercials for airlines always show carefree, happy people traveling with hardly any luggage,

BUT WHEN YOU travel by air, your plane is cancelled or 6 hours late, and they always load at the furthest gate!

HOW COME ON TV, drunks are always portrayed as charming, cute, elegant people who are fun to watch and listen to,

BUT WHEN YOU run into a drunk, he's usually obnoxious, he always reeks, and he invariably throws up all over you!

HOW COME ON TV, underwater shots are always where it's crystal clear with exotic colored fish, plants and coral.

BUT WHEN YOU go snorkeling in the muddy waters near you, the most exotic item you ever see is an aluminum Cola can.

Another Fine Mess